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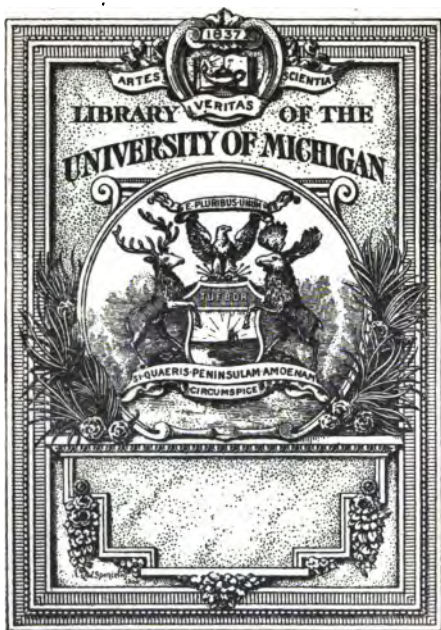
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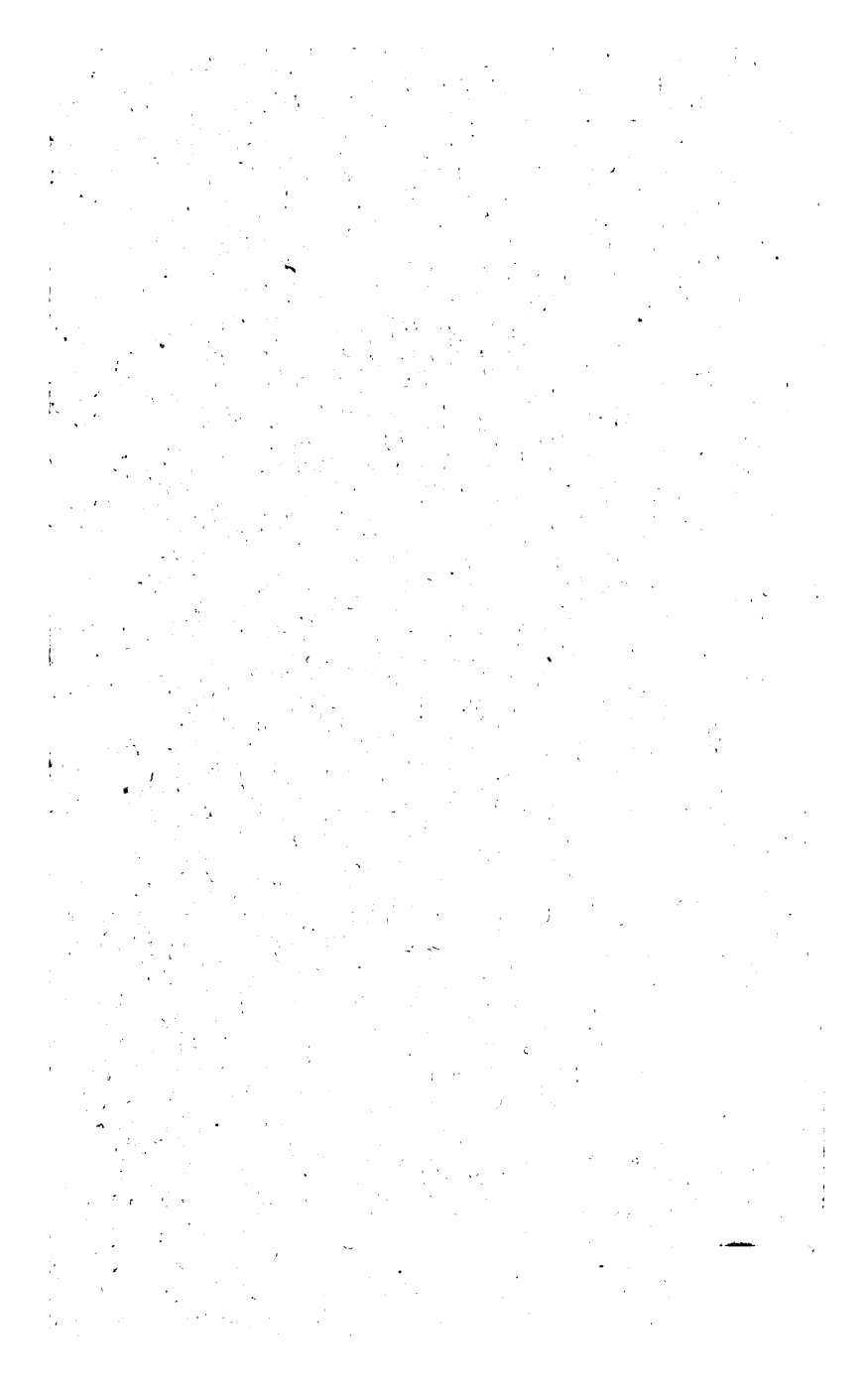


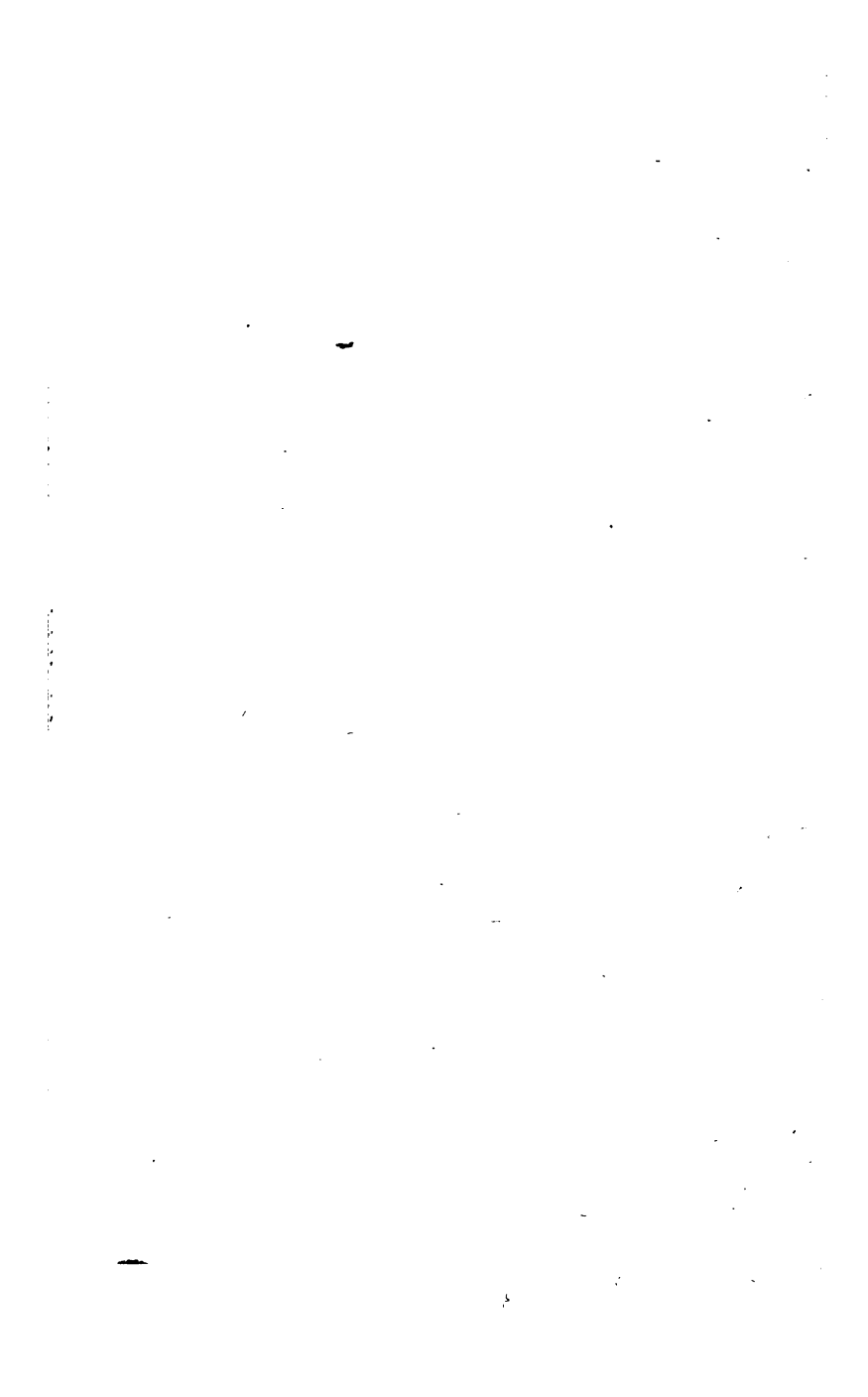
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THE
ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK.

30

THE

ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK.

Italia, oh, Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame.
Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian and is still our guide.

BY AN AMERICAN.

Henry Theodore Tushman

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The following pages comprise leaves from a Journal in Italy, in 1833-4, with Sketches and Essays, illustrative of the local and social features of that interesting country. The unexpected favour with which the specimens that have appeared in literary journals were received, has induced a revision and presentation of them, in the form of a volume. Several articles calculated to render the design more complete, have been added. X Should this little work, the first attempt of the kind on the part of the writer to interest the public, serve to revive the impressions of one who has sojourned in the regions of which it speaks, or, pleasingly inform one who is precluded from beholding them; especially should it tend, in the least degree, to awaken in any mind an interest and faith in humanity as there existent, or its perusal enliven an irksome, or beguile a painful hour, the author will feel that the time devoted to its production has not been spent in vain.

ERRATA.

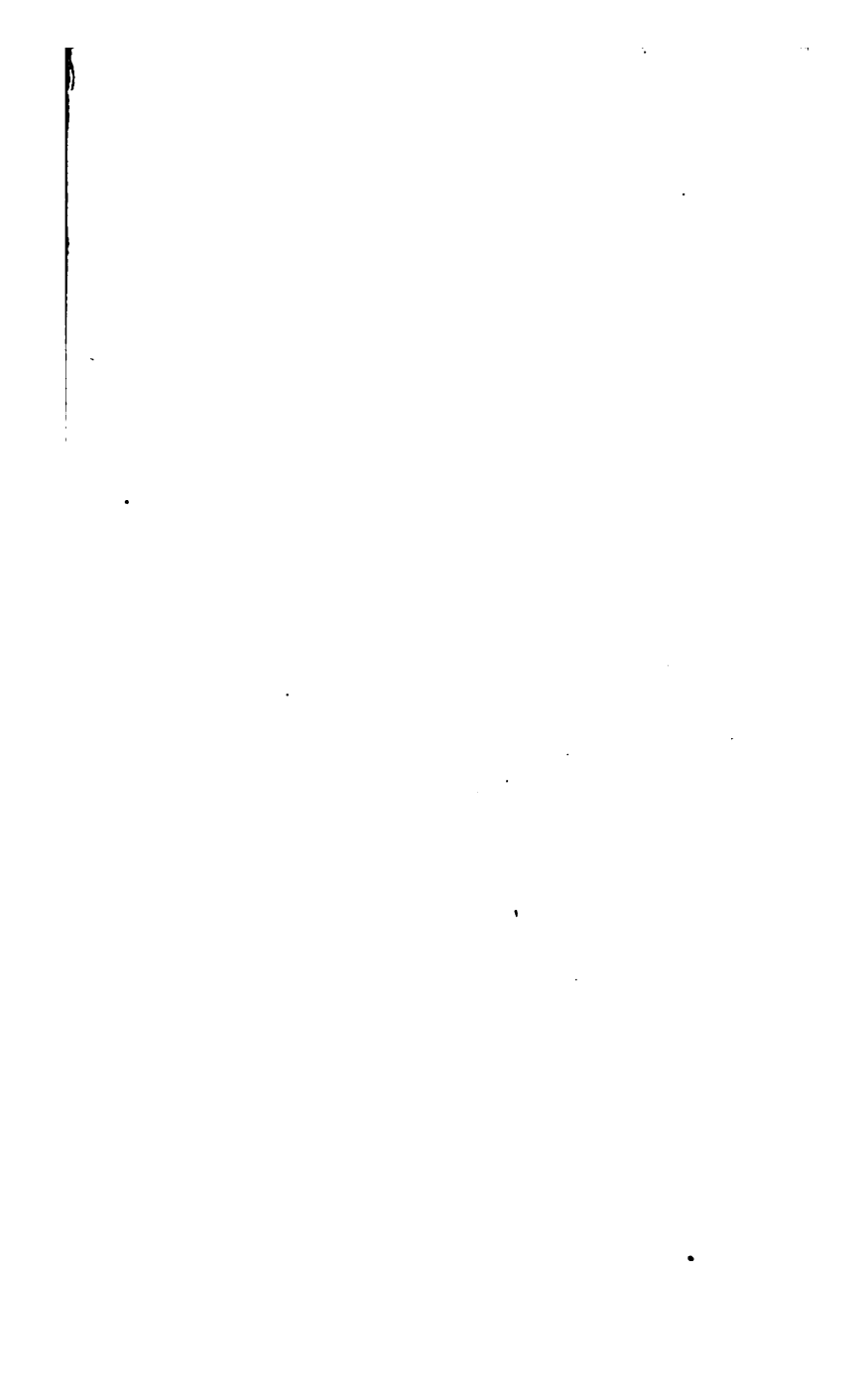
Page 49, fifth line from top, for '*Angelos*' read *Angelo*.

54, first line, for '*Thorwaldson*' read *Thorwaldsen*.

75, third line from bottom, for '*Capitol of the rotunda*' read
rotunda of the Capitol.

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THE ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are countries of the globe which possess a permanent and peculiar interest in human estimation; an interest proportioned in each individual to his intelligence, culture and philanthropy. They are those where the most momentous historical events occurred, and civilization first dawned; and of which the past associations and present influences are, consequently, in a high degree exciting. The history of these lands affords one of our most attractive sources of philosophical truth, as the reminiscences they induce excite poetical sentiment; and, hence, we very naturally regard a visit to them as an event singularly interesting, not to say morally important. ✓

And yet personal impressions, on such occasions, are confessedly dependent upon circumstances which

are, for the most part, uncontrollable. There are, however, certain positive methods, the adoption of which will not, indeed, bring about a complete agreement in the notions and sentiments of travelers, but will tend to a much more useful purpose—that of inducing a satisfactory result upon their own minds. Among these is a sense of the true nature of the comprehensive object they are about to contemplate; a patient determination to bestow a degree of time and study in a measure corresponding with the subject; a preparedness for disappointment, and an unyielding spirit of candour. Such a state of mind will especially influence happily the experience of the trans-atlantic sojourner in Italy, since it may not be denied that many things exist there, to qualify the enjoyment of the enthusiastic expectant, who has turned the eye of his imagination thither through the long and magnifying space which divides our continent from the old world.

The invalid discovers that even these genial regions are not exempt from wintry influences; the ardent observer must grieve to find the most interesting ruins contiguous to, and even invaded by, the scenes of ordinary life, and the more conventional characteristics of the country fast disappearing before the ever increasing encroachments of the stranger

multitude; while the benevolent are constantly pained by the sight of distress which they cannot alleviate. Yet, perhaps, these very drawbacks tend to direct attention more completely to the many existing sources of satisfaction, and they certainly are not without a moral benefit. Never does the paramount importance of the innate habit and the comparative worthlessness of the outward scene become so self-evident, as when we thus *feel* the superiority of anticipation to enjoyment. And we know not, until standing by the spots renowned as the scenes of mighty exploits, denuded of the exhaustless drapery of fancy, that it is the acts themselves, with all their beautiful philosophy, which alone have hallowed these portions of earth.

But frequent and favourable observation *will* develop the legitimate influences of Italy, and render us less and less sensible to untoward or disagreeable circumstances. Antiquity will become, in our view, more sacred; art will awaken a deeper interest; society will discover new charms; and, when we start upon our homeward pilgrimage, we shall perceive, with a sensation of wonder, the strength of the chain which binds us to the land, and realize the subtle power of the agencies which have so silently weaved it.

The impressions of an individual mind, noted during a considerable interval of time, will therefore possess more of this deliberate and eventual character. In imparting them, it seems unwise, at least, to run into the common error of portraying minutely the details of statutes, paintings and edifices—descriptions, which often have the effect of exciting without satisfying curiosity; while graphic delineations of manners and customs have been too frequently and faithfully drawn to be attempted in the present instance. The aim has rather been to lead from particular descriptions, to the moral contemplation of such general subjects, as are prominently indicative of the scenes and intellectual influences of Italy.

ROME.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

"Yet, this is Rome,
That sat upon her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, rul'd the world! Yet these are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!"



• **ROME.**

THE FORUM, ARCHES, AQUEDUCTS, AND TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS.

It was in the light of a clear atmosphere that we stood upon the summit of the Capitol, and thoughtfully gazed forth upon the city with its mountain-wall circling broadly in the distance. From so commanding a position, we were enabled to expand the faint idea into a sensible conception of the site of ancient Rome, and the relative localities and original aspect of her scattered and dimly defined remains.

Directly beneath us stood a massive form, whose sculptured and inscribed surface is uniformly tinged

with the melancholy hue imparted by the earth which so recently encrusted it, and deepened by the lapse of ages. And yet, beneath that arch have earth's most splendid pageants passed; eyes bedewed with the rich tears of grateful exultation, have dwelt upon its now defaced splendour; its broad foundations, resting heavily in their sunken bed, have trembled beneath the proud tread of the triumphing, and its concave rung with the inspiring shout of a Roman greeting. It was the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus.

Immediately beside it, in mournful companionship, rise three mutilated columns, all that exists of the noble tribute of gratitude raised by Augustus to the god of thunder, when he returned unscathed from the rush of his awful shaft. A slower but not less sure agency has not passed negligently by the monument, and the naked triumvirate, clustered, as if in the 'fellowship of grief,' but feebly represent the living sentiment which gave them birth. The same number of these erect and solitary relics, lifting their burdenless capitals in air, furnish the commencement of an outline which observation may continue and imagination embody, of the temple of Jupiter Stator. Cold chroniclers of thrilling times are they; senseless spectators of what would kindle even the enthusiastic, which else we might almost envy. It seems as if something of pride yet lingered about these decayed remnants of a once glorious company. They bore the vaulted roof, which

echoed the most eloquent outpourings of moral indignation; they stood around, silent and stern, when about them were the not less inflexible forms of the Roman soldiery, and the sudden gathering of her alarmed citizens, and within, the deliberate and imposing presence of the accuser, and the pale countenance and hurried glances of the accused—for it was here that Cicero condemned Catiline. The temples of Concord and of Peace, the one boasting eight remaining columns, and the other three fragmentary arches, next attracted attention and suggested similar reminiscences.

But soon we were obliged to quit a scene so absorbing in its suggestive influences, to wander among the dense ranges of modern buildings, and descry, here and there, a few pillars or other remains of what once stood forth contributing their now isolated symmetry to the formation of a beautiful and perfect whole. The arches of Titus, Constantine and Janus respectively occupied and interested us, particularly the former, from the sacred vessels and symbols of the Jewish temple, exhibited in basso relievo, upon its interior surface; the niches of the latter are dispossessed of the statues which once adorned them; the bronze fastenings which connected the stones are gone, and broad gaps mark the violence with which they were extricated. In the vicinity, I attentively perused the little square arch erected by the jewellers of the Forum to Septimius and his wife, and passing on, observed the

pillars and site of the temples of Vesta and Fortune transformed into churches.

When we found ourselves near the wonderful old aqueducts contiguous to the walls, we were long amused with the peculiarities and impressed with the antiquated features of these strange and extensive remains. From some elevated positions, we gained a view of the neighbouring mountains, lifting their undulating forms beneath the vapory masses of the dim atmosphere, and reflecting in faint yet rich tints, the few rays of sunshine which struggled through the leaden clouds. We had seen no general view more congenial with the ruins or more exciting to the associations of Rome.

On another occasion we left the city by the Appian Way, and were mindful of the circumstance of St. Paul's having entered by the identical road. After a considerable walk, we reached the tomb of the Scipios, situated by the road-side, and the entrance not distinguishable from other similar gateways, except by the inscription. Entering this, we soon came to the vault, secured merely with loose wooden doors, and having no distinctive beauty. With a guide and tapers we explored the dark and chilly avenues of this tomb, pausing here and there to con the many inscriptions which exist upon the walls. Two of the sarcophagi are in the Vatican, but one or two yet remain. We soon hastened from this damp and melancholy sepulchre, whose earthy floor was worn by the feet of many curious pilgrims,

like ourselves, and pondering upon the contrast between the men who once reposed there, their probable anticipations of their country and the present, we extended our walk and penetrated far into the labyrinthine catacombs beneath the church of St. Sebastian.

ST. PETER'S.

At length we arrived at the noble square with its sweeping colonnade and old obelisk, which are about St. Peter's. Having entered that edifice and immediately passing through a side door, we commenced ascending an inclined plane which winds round, is bricked, and continues for a long distance until it brings us out upon the roof. This wide space, with its several cupolas, has been aptly compared to a small village. We soon entered the first and second interior gallery of the dome, and thence looked down from an immense height upon the variegated marble floor, or immediately around upon the coarse mosaic figures. Still ascending, we reached the lantern, and obtained a most comprehensive view, embracing the city, the *campagna*, the distant snow-covered mountains, with a glimpse of the Mediterranean, and having stood in the copper ball which surmounts the whole building, we descended.*

* The necessity of attempting a description of this truly indescribable building is most happily superseded by the un-

At one visit to St. Peter's, the several scenes presented most effectually aided me in realizing the vastness of the building. Two of the chapels were filled with children receiving Sabbath instruction, whose singing resounded pleasingly through the expanse. In one corner, some lads, seemingly designed for the priesthood, were loudly engaged in a dialogue, the purport of which was an exposition of the church ceremonies; these were eagerly listened to by a surrounding crowd. Around the circular and illuminated railing, which is about the descent to the tomb of the great apostle, kneeled many female figures, and another knot were clustered beneath his bronze image, and fervently kissing the worn foot; while, scattered upon the far spreading pavement, and bending at the numerous shrines, were many devotees apparently absorbed in prayer. The confession-boxes, too, were unusually occupied, and the whole area thickly studded with the figures of those whom curiosity or devotion had brought thither. And yet these numerous and variously occupied human beings seemed, in no degree, to lessen the apparent space enclosed by those immense walls and that exalted dome, but rather to increase the impress-

rivalled paintings of Panini, recently purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Let any one intently gaze upon the delineation of the interior of St. Peter's, and imagine the space which lies unrevealed in perspective, and he will obtain a more definite idea than any words can convey.

iveness of the whole. I ever gratefully remarked the peculiar mildness and genial warmth of the atmosphere. It is even pretended by some of the inhabitants, that this phenomenon may be ascribed to the heat, which the dense walls acquire during summer—a heat so great and so well retained as to continue partially latent, and be evolved during the few weeks when comparative coolness prevails. Many circumstances, however, contribute to the production of so pleasing an effect, particularly the admirable exposure of the building to the full influence of the sun, which beams through one or another of its many windows, during nearly the whole day, while the arrangement of the entrances almost precludes the admission of the external air.

But it was my special delight to visit St. Peter's, not critically to examine, but to yield myself freely to its sublimity and beauty. Sometimes I would rest in front of the monument to the last of the Stuarts, to sympathize in the mournful expression of its basso relievo angels of death, extinguishing, as if in sadness, the torch of life; or pause in admiration of the lions of Canova surmounting the tomb of Pope Clement XIII. As the setting sun shone gorgeously through the glory, over the main altar, and lingered upon the gilded cornices of the wall, it was mysteriously exciting to gaze on one of the splendid mosaic copies of the most eminent originals; for instance, that of Thomas satisfying his doubts. The perfect serenity

of our Saviour's countenance, the determined inspection of the incredulous apostle, and, above all, the sad, yet mild and affectionate expression of John, riveted my gaze and touched my sensibilities. I could almost believe that I saw a tremulous play of the muscles, or living softness of the features, as they were thus revealed in the twilight.

It was surpassingly interesting to roam through the quiet and rich precincts of this magnificent edifice, with an elevating sense of its excellence as a place of religious enjoyment. There is a freedom, a nobleness, a grandeur about St. Peter's, allied to intellect and sentiment in their higher manifestations. Within no structure, perhaps, does the human form dwindle to greater apparent insignificance, but in few spots does man yield more spontaneously and legitimately to a sense of his capacity for excellence. The idea that the building, which is filling and delighting his spirit, was planned by the intellect and reared by the labour of his species, and the thought of that Being to whose praises it is devoted—all this suggests itself with the view and its enjoyment.

Indeed, familiarity with the splendid temples of worship for which Italy is remarkable, rather augments than diminishes the spontaneous admiration which a first inspection of them excites; or rather, the primary emotions of pleasure melt into a calm sentiment of satisfaction, far more favourable to a discriminating view and just impression. The still

but most efficient teachings of those three happy influences, painting, sculpture and architecture, seem here combined for the most felicitous ends. I could not but often think of it as one of those consoling and redeeming things, which modify all the evil in the world, that these were places dedicated to Catholicism, but open to all and at all times;—places for reflection, devotion and thought, where one can wander contemplatively, the painted windows imparting a mellow light in which the pictured and sculptured forms seemed living things, and the notes of the chanters falling in reverberated echoes upon the ear, and worship after his own heart, or muse holily till the fire burns.

ST. PIETRO IN VINCULI AND THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

It was on a day marked by that deep azure, that seemingly penetrable density of the sky, so often celebrated by poets as the most enchanting natural feature of southern Italy, that we were early on our way to the Esquiline hill. Upon its summit stands, in comparative solitude, the church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, built to contain the chains of the great apostle whose name it bears. The effect ever derivable from simplicity, is signally exemplified upon entering this chaste building; for its interior architecture opens at once upon the vision, and, in its simple grandeur, imparts a far more delightful impression, than is often obtained from more extensive and gorgeous constructions. The form of the Basilica is here admirably preserved, the arched roof being supported by two rows of beautiful columns, and the whole space unbroken by any intermediate arches. These columns, as well as the pavement of the sacristy, were originally obtained from the baths of Titus; the former are remarkably impregnated with sulphate of lime, so as to emit a sulphurous odour when

slightly rubbed. Behind the altar is a richly wrought marble chair, probably a consular seat, obtained from the same ruins; the idea that Cicero might once have occupied it, occurred to us, and increased the interest with which we viewed so pleasing and authentic a Roman relic. Most of the pictures and frescos are illustrative of St. Peter's imprisonment and angelic enfranchisement; and within two brazen and embossed doors, are preserved the sacred fetters, which are exposed to view only once a year.

But the grand attraction which had drawn us to this church was a renowned work of art—the statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. This colossal figure at once evinces the workmanship of a peculiar genius, the design differing wholly from what is familiar in statuary. There is a muscular power, a grandeur of outline, which sufficiently indicate the author. Indignation and awful energy are distinctly discernible in the heavy frown and stern expression of God's chosen messenger to a guilty and erring people.

The Capuchin convent—an example of another class of churches—imparts a very tolerable idea of the dreariness and sternness of a genuine monastic retreat. The lay brother who conducted us looked wonderfully thriving, and was withal surprisingly affable for an old denizen of the damp and gloomy apartments which he so complacently displayed. The church, though by no means magnificent, contains two frescos of great interest:—one representing

the archangel Michael triumphing over Satan, whose dark brawny form seems completely subdued beneath the light foot of his beautiful conqueror; the other, a rough representation of St. Peter walking on the waves—one of the most ancient examples of this species of painting. Indeed this convent is many centuries old, and the very hue and primitive material of the Capuchin garb comport admirably with the antique appearance of the whole building and its contents. But the greatest peculiarity is the cemetery beneath. A number of arches extend some distance, against the walls of which are piled an immense number of the bones of the deceased Capuchins. In spaces left about mid-way, are stretched skeletons, clad in the habit of the order, and others stand in various parts of the awful repository, while the ground, composed of ‘holy earth,’ transported at great expense from Jerusalem, is marked as the last resting-place of the later dead. The very lamps which hang from the walls, are composed of bones, and the same material, distributed most fantastically, furnishes meet accompanying ornaments. Perhaps this kind of burial, if such it may be called, is one of the rarest in practice by moderns. The effect by torch-light, when an interment takes place, must be impressive in the extreme; though with the broad light of day shining through the windows, the scene seemed more hideous than morally striking; nor can one easily feel that the intended honour is conferred upon the unbroken skeletons, by per-

mitting them to stand holding a card, upon which is inscribed the name and age of the deceased, like guardians of the mournful piles around them, in which are merged the remains of their less distinguished brethren.

THE VATICAN.

WE crossed the Tiber in a broad barge, and during the few moments which intervened ere our walk re-commenced, we were naturally led to contrast the turbid waters and the dim earth around us, with the same scene, in its transcendent aspect, as existing in the familiar picture of our fancy. The one was the plain appearance of neglected and perhaps degenerate nature; the other impressions derived from nature's glowing commentator, the poet. Passing by a retired path through the fields, we soon came in view of a circular fortress, (the Castle of St. Angelo,) now chiefly used as a prison, but originally the tomb of Hadrian. And certainly, when its solid proportions were decked with the numerous statuary ornaments which once adorned them, it must have formed a glorious final resting-place for a Roman. There is a striking and melancholy inconsistency observable in this, as in many instances, in the modern appropriation of ancient monuments. So much more honourable is it to the general, or at least to the better sentiment of mankind, to leave unmarred

the few remnants of a nation's greatness, when not one of her children exists. There is surely a kind of sacrilege in disturbing works consecrated to the dead, for purposes of selfish pride or narrow utility. The beauty, the interest, the blessed inspiration which so often hallow these ruins, are thus invaded, while no commensurate advantage is obtained. Have not as many smiles of ridicule or sneers of reproach, as pious feelings, been awakened, by the view of the apostle's figures surmounting the triumphal pillars of Aurelius and Trajan? And who can behold, without regret, the mausoleum of the mighty dead transformed into a tomb for the most wretched of the living?

We ascended a long flight of steps, entered a square and corridor, and were soon in the Museum of the Vatican. It were vain to endeavour to describe what an impression of the richness of art is inspired by the first general inspection of this vast collection of her redeemed trophies; and far more to paint the vivid and elevating conception of her power which dawns, brightens, and finally glows in the bosom, as face after face of thrilling interest, figure after figure of embodied nature, and gem after gem of exquisite material or workmanship attracts the admiring eye; all unanimated by one spiritual principal, and yet so legitimately the offspring of the highest, and so perfectly significant, as to awaken wonder, enkindle delight, and finally win love. We devoted a season to the inspection and admiration of

the time-worn frescos, which exist upon the walls of the Camere of Raphael. Constantine's victory is, indeed, a splendid battle-piece. But of all the figures, none struck me as grander than the group representing the miraculous defeat of the ravager of the temple, struck down by a cavalier, and two angels, at the prayer of the priest. Most of the countenances here depicted are separate and noble studies. All the frescos were partially designed and executed by Raphael. They present a worthy but melancholy monument to his genius, impaired as they are by age, and marred by his untimely death. Yet artists of the present day are continually studying these dim, though most admirable remains, and find in their contemplation the happiest aids and incitements. Notwithstanding this speaking testimony to departed excellence, as well as that which beamed in the admiring looks of the gazers around, there was something of sadness in the very air of rooms that bore the name, and shone with the embodied talent of the beloved and early dead, which forced itself irresistibly upon the mind, and tinged with mournfulness the gratified thoughts.

But it is when we stand for the first time in the presence of that being, if aught destitute of sensation deserve the name, it is when the eye first rests, and the heart first fastens with instinctive eagerness upon the Apollo Belvidere, that we feel the triumph of human art. And there springs up a rich sentiment of satisfaction, not only that the poetical in native

feeling, the pure in taste, and the exalted in thought are conscious of unwonted gratification, but because we rejoice in the spiritual nobility of our common nature; we glory in the thought that the senseless marble radiates the beautiful and deep expressiveness of intellectual life at the call of human genius, and we are soothed by the testimony thus afforded to the immortality of what we most love in ourselves and kind, for we feel that such followers of nature are allied to its author, and may humbly, but legitimately aspire to yet higher teachings than are evolved from the physical universe.

GARDENS OF SALLUST.

I ENTERED, on a fine clear day, the large enclosed tract called the Gardens of Sallust, being the site of that beautiful historian's villa and grounds. There are a few ill-defined ruins here situated, supposed to be those of a temple dedicated to Venus Erycina, and of the mansion, or its adjuncts. The general aspect presented during my wanderings through this extensive enclosure, was more in accordance with the idea previously formed of the country than any before obtained. The fertility of the grounds, green with varied shrubbery and occasionally beautified with field-flowers, and thickly planted with vegetables, among which groups of labourers were actively engaged, afforded remarkable evidence of the actual mildness of the climate; while occasional glimpses of an old aqueduct, or wall, gave to the scene the surpassing charm of antiquity. Constant blasts of cold wind, in which the dry reeds rattled sullenly, and the snow-capt Apennines in the distance were, however, sufficiently indicative of the season. The free air and commanding situation of this domain are well adapted to foster that concise

and clear energy, which so highly distinguishes Sallust. If this was the favourite retreat to which he retired to compose his history, it is not surprising that he found in the situation and his employment greater satisfaction than could be gleaned from the enslaving luxury of the city, which lies so attractively at the foot of his paternal mount. It was a pleasant thought, that this very spot is that which beguiled his early ambition from the hazardous efforts of a political arena, to the quiet and dignified employment of an elegant historian. And in contemplating the result of this author's wise choice, and comparing his with the lives of many of his equally gifted countrymen, a new proof is afforded of the surpassing excellence of well-directed literary labour. More peaceful and elevated passes the existence, and more certain and purely succeeds the renown of the useful and excellent writer, than that of the most successful aspirant for immediate popularity. There is, too, a beautiful completeness in the works and fame of Sallust, such as seldom marks the memory or the labours of modern writers. Confining himself to one sphere, and intent upon comparatively few subjects, he shone pre-eminently in the one, and threw over the other a light and vigour of delineation, which render his works not only universally interesting, as just and vivid chronicles, but as most attractive illustrations of the capacities of his native language.

PONTE MOLLE.

I PROCEEDED at a similar season forth from the city, by the spacious and beautiful entrance of the Piazza del Popolo, towards the Ponte Molle. When we reached this celebrated bridge, the beauty of the adjacent country and distant scenery, as well as the associations of the spot, detained me in long and delightful contemplation. On the one side rises Monte Mario, crowned with a verdant line of lofty cypresses, and on the other, far away, stand the hoary Apennine hills, while beneath runs the swift and turbid Tiber. The picturesque, arched, and heavy bridge on which I stood, still retaining portions of its ancient material, and the pervading Sabbath stillness, gave vividness and scope to the grand scene of action, which memory and imagination conjured up and arrayed upon its massive surface, and along the broken banks of the river. But, happily, in viewing the scene of Constantine's victory and miraculous vision, we are not left to unaided fancy in an attempt to renew the view preserved in history. We have but to recall the almost living delineation of Raphael, to arrive at a strong concep-

tion of what could otherwise be but vaguely and variously fancied. It is on such occasions that we learn to recognize one, among our many obligations, to genius and art. Gazing, after the lapse of centuries, upon the renowned battle-ground where tyranny received a signal overthrow, from a Christian warrior eminent for victory, and finding nought but the altered aspect of nature and a few decayed relics of art, we can yet rehearse the history and the song, and ponder the picture till they realize the time-buried events of antiquity.

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

It was one of those days when a pensive stillness pervades nature; the sky overclouded, yet threatening no rain, the sun peering dimly forth, and a quiet, almost sad in its lifelessness, brooding over the sullen fields and declining foliage; a day, in short, the melancholy language of which brings something of pleasure to the man of anxious temperament, and to whose meditative influences even the practised worldling not unwillingly yields himself; a day, on which the student instinctively turns from his book to ponder; the active denizen of the busy or gay world is unwontedly and unwittingly thoughtful; and many a day-dreamer or philosophical sportsman, like old Walton, wanders longer through the fields, and indulges in deeper imaginings and more protracted reveries. Such a season was peculiarly adapted to the purpose for which I had assigned it—a visit to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The very thought of it brings to mind Childe Harold's characteristic description:

“There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,

Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasures lie so lock'd, so hid!—A woman's grave.

This celebrated ruin, one of the most satisfactory, as regards its authenticity and preservation, among all the Roman antiquities, is situated about a league from the centre of the city, upon the Via Appia. Its circular form and remarkably dense walls, composed on the exterior of marble, now partially decomposed, proclaim its pristine magnificence. The obscurity which veils the history and character of her whose ashes it once contained, renders it, to one at all given to vague imaginings, more eloquent than if it were the concomitant of a most interesting and elaborate chronicle. The inscription possesses the same sublime simplicity, which is one of the noblest indications of ancient Roman greatness, discoverable in her monumental remains. As if, in announcing the tomb to be that of Cecilia, wife of Crassus, and daughter of Metellus, enough was expressed to convey every adequate impression to the beholder of whatever age or country! The near kinswoman of two Roman citizens;—this one fact was deemed a distinct indication to posterity of the actual nobility of the entombed, while one glance at the splendid sepulchre would convey ample testimony to her

worth and loss. But even we of later times, who can smile at, while we admire such perfect confidence in the simple greatness of citizenship and individual character, and who can gaze with the coldness of curiosity upon such a relic, even we can scarcely fancy any record capable of exciting such awakening sentiment. It comports, in its brevity, with the great lesson it teaches—the rapid flight and levelling influence of time; and designating a double ruin, it affords a degree of knowledge which, if extended, would but carry out and define where vagueness is desirable. For free scope is thus given to a species of conjecture, which it is mournfully pleasing to indulge. Standing by the massive remains of such a mausoleum, of which we can only affirm that it was reared to the memory of a Roman wife and daughter—what trait of energetic beauty, of affectionate devotion, of moral courage, which enters into the *beau-ideal* of the female character, may we not confidently ascribe to this? What a life of secluded, yet elevated virtue, what a death of solemn dignity might not have been hers! How large a part might she have taken in refining, ay, and nerving the spirit of husband and child and brother,—in producing that obsolete and wonderful being—a Roman citizen! And if aught of such fancies is correct, how like her earthly destiny to that of innumerable of her sex, who live in the exercise of thoughts and sentiments, which, if developed through more conspicuous channels, would be

productive of deathless renown; but whose self-sacrificing administrations, though immeasurably influential, are as unseen as those of a guardian angel, while the memory of their authors is only embalmed in Heaven, or darkly transmitted, like that of Cecilia Metella, by the simple record of their names and kindred, upon the monument which conscientious affection has reared.

THE COLISEUM.

OF all impressions from antiquity, derived from the ruins at Rome, none is more vivid and lasting than that inspired by the Coliseum, when viewed under circumstances best calculated for effect. Such are the quiet and mystery, the shadowy aspect and mild illumination of moonlight. Availing myself of a season like this, it was with something of awe that I approached to partake of a pleasure, in its very nature melancholy, yet in the highest degree attractive to the imagination, and calculated to awaken many of the deepest sentiments, especially those by which the fellow-feeling of our race is nurtured and sustained. And as the scene, in all its actual beauty, environed by associations more impressive than its past magnificence, and reposing in a light more tender than gleamed from the eager eyes, which once shone out from its now dim arches, broke upon my sight, I seemed to have come forth to hold communion—not with the material form, but with the very spirit of antiquity. There, its massive walls circling broadly, prèeminent in lingering pride, stands the Coliseum. As the monarch of ruins, its

dark outline seems defined with most commanding prominence, while surrounding objects are lost or blended in shade. Its many arched recesses are rendered still more obscure by the veil of shadow, or partially revealed in the congenial light. Through some of them the silent stars may be seen at their far-off vigils in the heavens, and again a fragment, which the hand of time has spared, abruptly bars the view. Over some, the long grass, that sad frieze which antiquity ever attaches to the architecture of man, hangs motionless, and, as a lattice, divides the falling moonbeams, or waves gently in the night breeze. But it is when standing beneath one of those arches, and vainly scanning the length of the half-illuminated corridor, or looking down upon the grass-grown area, marked by a single path, that a sense of the events and times of which this ruin is the monument, and its suggestions the epitaph, gradually gains upon the attention, like the home thoughts which a strain of familiar music has aroused. The gorgeous spectacle of Rome's congregated wisdom and beauty thronging the vast galleries, now lost or crumbling through age, the glitter of wealth, the pomp of power, the eagerness of curiosity, and the enthusiasm of varied passions, which once rendered this a scene of unequalled pageantry,—all come, at the call of memory, to contrast themselves with the same scene now, clad in the solemnity of solitude and decay.

But yet another retrospection, inducing deeper

emotions, occupies the mind and throws over the scene a higher interest. What an amount of human suffering have these dark walls witnessed! Could they but speak, what a tale of horror would be unfolded! How often has man, in all his savage or his cultivated dignity, been abandoned in this wide area to the beasts of the forest,—more solitary when surrounded by his un pitying kind, than when alone with the lordly brute in his desert domain! How much of human blood has this damp earth drunk, and how often upon its clammy surface has the human form been stretched in agony or death! Nor was this the theatre of effort and woe only to the physical nature. Who can estimate the pangs of yearning affection which have wrung the departing spirit, the feeling of utter desolation with which the barbarian has laid down his unsupported head and died in the midst of his enemies? Who can distinctly imagine the concentration of every sentiment in that of the love of existence, which has nerved the arm of the combatant, and the stern despair with which he has at length relinquished his dearly sold life? Far less might one hope to realize the deep energy with which the martyr to his faith has here given proof of its power. There is something holy in a spot which has witnessed the voluntary sacrifice of existence to the cause of Christianity. Of beautiful and sublime, as well as terrible spectacles, has this been the scene. Where has youth seemed so pure in its loveliness, or man-

hood so noble in its might, or age so venerable in its majesty, as here? If, in this ruined amphitheatre, humanity has been most debased, by the despoiling hand of cruelty, where has she exhibited more of the sublimest of her energies—the spirit of self-sacrifice? Often as this air has wafted the sigh and groans of suffering and remorse, has it not likewise borne upward the prayer of faith and the thanksgiving of joyful confidence? Though glances of ferocity and revenge have been turned, in impotent malignity, through this broad opening to the smiling sky above, how often have eyes, beaming with forgiving love, or fixed in religious fervour, looked into its blue depths, from the awful death of the Coliseum!

And yet, while the abandonment and decay of Flavian's amphitheatre plainly indicate the departure of those ideas and customs, in accordance with which it was reared, the question forcibly suggests itself to the observer of its remains, has the principle, which sustained so long an institution like this, utterly and forever departed? Have we nothing in *our* experience, resembling what seems to have originated in a deeper sentiment than caprice, and from its long continuance and popularity, has an apparent foundation in our nature? The reply to such self-interrogations is affirmative. What student of humanity, or observer of man, does not recognize the same principle operating eternally? Those who hold the system of Christianity, in its

purity, hold the whole philosophy of the principle. Individual man has arrayed against him the varied force of circumstances without and passion within. Of the insidiousness, the power of these opponents, who is ignorant? And there are, too, spectators—too often as heartless, curious, and cold lookers on, as those which thronged the galleries of the Coliseum.

THE PANTHEON, PALACES, CHURCHES.

NEXT to the Coliseum, as an architectural remain, is the Pantheon. Its magnificent dome, antiquated and immense pillars, and old pavement, combine to realize the high anticipations with which it is visited. The proximity of this grand building to the scenes of ordinary life, exposed to the sounds and influences ever present in populous cities, and especially marred by the emblems of the popular faith, and surrounded by the filth of a market-place—these are circumstances which strike one most disagreeably, and break in most inharmoniously upon his cherished associations.

The ruins called the ‘Baths of Caracalla,’ are massive and broken walls, indicative of former magnificence only from their number. Rank weeds have quite overgrown the space which they enclose. All the decorations and luxurious arrangements are gone; the former are either destroyed, converted into ornaments for modern churches, or preserved in the public museums. As one walks amid these deserted remains, a sense of solitude and mournful-

ness powerfully affects him even beneath the cheerful light of noon-day. The extensive site of these baths realizes, in a measure, our ideas of the state of elegant luxury to which the Romans had attained. The Baptistry of St. Constantine, a small octagonal building, contains several pillars of red porphyry and two brazen gates, taken from these baths.

The summit of the Palatine Hill is, however, occupied with ruins still more remarkable, even considered as architectural vestiges. So complete is the deformity and decay which time and violence have worked upon that luxurious abode of royalty, the Palace of the Cæsars, that no observation, however critical, can discover any evidence of former splendour, except what is discoverable in the extent and solidity of the broken and straggling walls. These stand in heavy groups, or isolated and towering fragments, while about them the gay forms of vegetable life flourish, with a fertility that seems to mock the barrenness of the ruins which their green and clustering beauty but imperfectly conceals. As I wandered there, the mildness of the air was wonderful for the season, and the bright sun-light, verdant earth, and beautiful surrounding prospect, took from the view the sadness usually observable in scenes, the prominent features of which are antiquated. Yet, though the sterner shades of the picture were thus mellowed, its solemn lesson was as forcibly imparted.

"Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsars' brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place."

In the statue gallery of the Museum of the Capitol, comparatively little is found to excite admiration in the mind of one familiar with the treasures of the Vatican. The Dying Gladiator differed essentially from the notion I had previously entertained respecting it. The chief, the particular merit of this celebrated statue seems to consist in its admirable expression of *physical* suffering. The position, in view of the wound, is so perfectly true to nature (as described and illustrated by Dr. Bell),* that one cannot but study it with growing gratification. But he must, I think, be very imaginatively disposed to discover that look of mental anguish and dying sentiment, which might be naturally anticipated.

In the Borgehese Palace I paid frequent and admiring attention to the most interesting work it contains—Raphael's Deposition from the Cross. The picture hall of the Palazzo Colonna must, when illuminated, present one of the finest scenes of the kind in Rome. After inspecting the views by Claude, and several works by the old masters,

* Vide Bell's Philosophy of Expression.

I became much interested in examining a beautiful cabinet, the frontal exterior of which is very ingeniously carved in ivory. The middle pannel represents, in exquisite basso relievo, the master-piece painting of M. Angelo, and affords a much better idea of the design of that work than a distant view of the defaced original can give. At the old dreary palace of the Barbarini, I paused long before two famous original paintings—Raphael's Fornarina and Guido's Portrait of Beatrice Cenci; the one from the perfection displayed in its execution, the other from the melancholy history of its subject,* are highly attractive.

The Churches of St John Lateran† and St. Maria Maggiore are next to St. Peters in extent and richness. Among the numerous temples of worship delightful to frequent, is the Chiesa St. Maria degli Angeli, a noble building in the form of the Greek Cross, and rendered imposing by a grand dome and extensive pavement; it contains a famous meridian

* "I am cut off from the only world I know,
From life, and light, and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God,
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold."

Beatrice in Prison:—Shelley's Tragedy of the Cenci.

† In the vicinity are the Scala Sacra or Holy Stairs, said to be the stairs of Pilate's Judgment Seat, which our Saviour ascended. They are continually mounted by innumerable devotees upon their knees.

and two fine frescos—St. Peter performing a cure, and the Baptism of Our Saviour. The celebrated Sybils of Raphael are in the Church of St. Maria della Pace, and the Christ of M. Angelo in that of St. Maria sopra Minerva. There is, too, a small church near the Forum, said to be the identical prison where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined. When visiting this building, we descended a considerable flight of steps, and came to a gloomy dungeon, the traditionary cell of the great apostles. The very stone, fenced strongly with iron, to which they were chained, is designated. While endeavouring to feel that this very vault had, indeed, been the scene of suffering and prayer to the revered martyrs, a severe task was imposed upon our credulity. A small excavation in the wall above the staircase, guarded like the relic below, we were informed was occasioned by a blow which the guard gave St. Peter as he descended, causing his head to strike and miraculously shatter the stone. In a neighbouring church, called Ara Coeli, we admired an exquisite marble altar, said to have been erected by Augustus.

CHURCH CEREMONIES.

A BRIGHT Sabbath morning found me seated in the little chapel of a monastery, the dark and riveted walls of which denoted its antiquity. A few individuals were seated upon the wicker chairs around, and between the lattice-work of the partition, several nuns might be seen quietly engaged in their devotions. I had come thither to witness the ceremony by which two females entered upon their noviciate. When the chapels on either side of the lattice were well-nigh filled, and a priest, robed for the occasion, had placed himself near the grate, an elderly preacher approached, and seating himself, addressed impassionately the kneeling females. His discourse, couched in the symphonic accents of the Italian, and delivered with singular energy, was not without impressiveness. He painted in glowing colours the temptations to which humanity is exposed upon the arena of the world, the moral safety and satisfaction of religious seclusion, the beauty and acceptableness in the sight of Heaven of the consecration of the young and the warm-hearted—even such as they who knelt silently by—to the

cause of Christ and the Church. The priest and his assistants then chanted from the ritual for some time, the silvery voices of the nuns blending melodiously with the choruses. At length the clear yet hesitating voices of the noviciates might be heard as they read their vows. Their interesting appearance and the associations of the moment were not inoperative upon those of us to whom the scene was new; there was a kind of sad and thrilling poetry in their very tones.

The first Sunday in Advent is one of those days when services are attended by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. I willingly embraced the opportunity to obtain a view of his Holiness. The comparatively small room, one of the halls of the Vatican, was surrounded at an early hour by a large concourse of strangers. We passed through the whole band of Swiss guards, drawn up in the colonnade. These, although somewhat picturesque in their appearance, always reminded me of the soldiers of the opera-house or the stage, as the ruff they wear, and something in their *tout ensemble*, seems more scenic than actual—more designed for effect than action. Upon entering, I looked intently upon a work of art of which I had heard much—said to be, in fact, the most meritorious and wonderful of paintings—the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, covering the entire back wall of the chapel. With all my gazing, however, I could but descry numerous and apparently most muscular figures, in various posi-

tions, the centre one in the attitude of command. Subsequent inquiry and reading, in some degree, explains the disappointment caused by a first view of this renowned production. Its chief merit consists in the bold yet natural development of the forms, and the mathematical precision of the execution. It is, in a word, a grand study for the artist, and would more immediately affect the merely curious, had not time defaced, and did not a bad position obscure its merits. The living pageant, however, soon attracted attention. Many cardinals, bishops, and other dignitaries, with their purple robes and ermine decorations, occupied the innermost division. But the Pope entering, riveted the eyes of most of the audience. Nothing remarkable in his physiognomy strikes the beholder, except an unusually prominent nose. There was much apparent seriousness and devotion evinced by this personage, and, indeed, by the whole assembly; the chanting was solemn, though not remarkable, and to one devotionally disposed, the whole service was by no means void of grateful influence.

MODERN ARTISTS.

At the studio of Thorwaldsen there is much to interest and gratify the visitor, whether the intrinsic and individual merit or the remarkable number of his works be considered. The sunny face of the shepherd boy, as he sits contemplatively with his dog beside him, is truly inimitable; as are the Three Graces, and Mercury in the act of taking advantage of the sleep into which his music has lulled Argus. Of all unclassical specimens of sculpture, the figure of Lord Byron in a surtout and heavy shoes, with a pencil in hand, with which he presses his lip meditatively, here seen, is the most singular. The birthplace of this distinguished artist is not certainly known. His earliest recollection of himself is that of being on board a ship in the capacity of cabin-boy. His origin is, however, undoubtedly northern, and most probably Icelandic. After surmounting many difficulties, and attaining some rank in his art, he visited Iceland. To this island, it is said, he purposes bequeathing the greater part of his collections and property. Some of his greatest works have been executed for the northern nations; and

colossal statues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles are now in progress for a church in Russia.

There is a work at present, only dead-coloured, upon the easel of Overbeck, which, if completed in the same noble manner that marks its conception, will indeed prove glorious. It is called the Christian Parnassus, representing the fine arts in the persons of the great artists; and the groups ascending, at length terminate in the figures of the Saviour and Madonna. The likenesses, even in this early sketch, are beautiful, and easily recognised; and the gracefulness and vigour of delineation, with which ninety-two forms are pictured on a comparatively small canvass, indicates the genius of the artist. I also remarked a very expressive and almost finished painting, by the same hand—our Saviour at prayer in the Garden. The impassioned, yet calm spirit of earnest devotion, radiated from the wrapt countenances of the kneeling form, is finely contrasted with the angry and expectant glances of the distant crowd pressing on through the still obscurity, to seize upon their victim.

GRAVES OF SHELLEY AND KEATS.

WHEN the literary pilgrim or susceptible observer has become familiar with the aspect and suggestion of Rome's antiquities and treasures of art, he has yet another spot of hallowed earth to tread, another locality to visit, as a shrine whose associations will wreath his spirit as with incense, till it is penetrated with sentiments of sympathy, sadness and love. There may be here excited less of the sublime in association, induced by the distance of the retrospect with which the stricken and lone memorials of extinct national greatness are pondered; but there is room for more home-felt emotion, and occasion for less grand and critical, but more touching comment, than the antiquity of art and the ruins of grandeur can present. This spot is indeed neglected by the antiquarian, and has been often passed by, with the greatest indifference, by the merely fashionable visitor; but who of us that loves the poetry of his native tongue, and rare specimens of human character, will not fondly and feelingly linger in the sequestered English burying-ground, at the graves of Shelley and Keats? He will there read the same

lesson, which more imposing monuments had imparted, with deeper emphasis perhaps, but not in tones of more melting penetration. The romantic imagination, remarkable mental independence, and extreme sensitiveness of the former of these poets, combined, as they were, with high native and acquired powers, and associated with a fate so deeply melancholy, give a truly poetical colouring to our recollections of him. Short and unappreciated was the life of poor Keats, and his death a martyrdom. The little left for friendship to record of him was the beautiful brilliancy of young genius, its primitive hopefulness, the susceptibility which gave effect to hireling opposition, and the gloomy flickering and extinction of that vitality which alone connected an unsophisticated genius to an unsympathizing and uncongenial world. And what is this but a common story in the chronicles of humanity? Through the perspective and magnifying light of time, it may possess more prominently mournful features, but, wherever contemplated, it is essentially the same; the conquest of gross power, grosser taste and indiscriminate will over the casket of a gem, the conventional form of an existence, the temporary habitation of a soul. Thus has it been of old, and this is alike the history of an ancient martyr and the victim of a modern sacrifice. The intelligent sentiment which impelled and sustained may essentially differ, but the course, the consummation is the same. The chief distinction between the suf-

fering and final self-devotion of the unyielding in faith, whose life was laid down in an ancient amphitheatre, and that of Keats, is that the one perished, according to the customs of the age, by the hand of violence, and in the other the dormant fires of disease were renewed, and the lingering progress of decay speeded fatally onward. 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water;'—an epitaph dictated, like this, at the very gates of death, yet bespeaks the poet; and like every poetic sentiment is replete with latent truth. That name was indeed written in water, but the pencillings of a progressive and discerning spirit could have deepened the inscription upon an adamantine surface of crystal. But what these have failed to do, pity and congeniality are ever doing; and in innumerable hearts the memory of Keats is cherished with a love surpassing even what the efforts of his maturer genius could have inspired.*

* Hazlitt has justly observed that Keats's 'ostensible crime was, that he had been praised in the Examiner newspaper: a greater and more unpardonable offence probably was, that he was a true poet and had all the errors and beauties of a youthful genius to answer for. Mr. Gifford was as insensible to the one as he was inexorable to the other.'

MODERN ROME.

Among the odd traits observable in the Roman population, is their aversion to two luxuries, especially esteemed in more northern countries, and though somewhat matters of taste, not altogether unallied to a higher sentiment; these are flowers and fire. The latter, during winter, is as truly physically requisite as in colder climates; but less surprise should be excited by this antipathy among a people whose idea of comfort is so widely different from our own, and to whom this cheerful influence brings with it none of the domestic associations which endear it to the denizens of bleaker localities, and the possessors of a better founded enthusiasm. The former distaste is more remarkable, when we consider the proverbial predilections of the Italians for the beautiful; and yet it is to a surprising extent true, that most are indifferent and many decidedly averse to flowers; whereas, in Florence, we were ever beset with flower-girls, and the Neapolitan peasants are seldom seen without a nosegay. I have heard this peculiarity of the Romans ascribed to their very delicate sense of smell, which renders even a mild perfume

quite overpowering; but it is difficult to admit a reason which is so inconsistent with their habitual toleration of far less genial odours, particularly the unwholesome exhalations from the buried aqueducts and infected *campagna*.

Although the period of my sojourn was considered, in some respects, an uncommon season, yet the excellence of the climate of Rome, according to my best information and experience, has been sadly exaggerated. During winter, a southerly wind, with the usual accompaniment of rain or humidity, or a dry piercing northerly blast, generally prevail. The bright summer-like days, when the deep azure of the sky and the balmy softness of the breezes recal our cherished imaginings of Rome, are too unfrequent, at least to please the invalid. Yet *one* of those beautiful interludes in the capricious shiftings of the weather is, if freely enjoyed, unspeakably renovating. A promenade upon the Pincian hill or in the Villa Borghese, or an excursion to Tivoli, at such a time, inclines one to forgive and forget all the past waywardness of the elements. In summer, that awful vapoury infection—the *malaria*, and the extreme heat are alike deleterious. It is very confidently asserted by individuals who judge from experience, that a vast change has occurred in the climate of Rome within the last thirty years, and that, even within a less period, a marked difference, as regards constancy and mildness, is observable.

The supremacy of the pope and his cardinals, de-

nominated the sacred college, being all but absolute, the risk incurred by such a sway renders the government extremely tenacious and jealous, so that of all culprits of whom the law takes cognizance, none are at once more frequently or less deservedly its victims than political offenders. But the chief evil immediately resulting from this condition of things, consists in the concessions which the rulers make to the ruled, in order to maintain their authority. Many of these involve the total subversion of the very principles which government is mainly instituted to maintain. Capital crime, for example, is of all offences the least liable to retribution by the operation of law in the Roman states. And such is the sanguinary temperament of most of the people, that any severe civil check upon it would inflame opposition, and hence render their political yoke more galling. Of the two evils, therefore, as might be anticipated, government choose that which is morally greatest, and politically least. Consequently, the number of personal violences and murders is almost incredible. An incarceration of a few months for this highest of crimes, is often the sole punishment; and even this is dispensed with, if the offender can effect a pecuniary compromise with the relations of the deceased. Within a short period, the fourth murder, under the most atrocious circumstances, alone sufficed to bring a noted culprit to the gallows.

The present pope, it is believed, in executing

plans for the advancement of his own views, is gradually undermining one of the strong holds of his power. The re-erection of St. Paul's church, in the environs of Rome, in a costly style, and the creation of five new cardinals, both measures in every respect unnecessary, are among the extravagant plans with which he is charged. The means of carrying on these is obtained from extensive loans, for the payment of which his most valuable revenues are pledged, and year after year, these are sacrificed to his inability to meet the annual demand. I have heard it confidently estimated, that, adopting the past as a criterion, in the space of thirteen years, the resources of the government will be absorbed; and if the ability of the governed to support taxation, at that juncture, is not better than at present, there is no conceivable means of furnishing an adequate supply to sustain the papal credit.* But it is highly probable that another and more rapid agency than the slow depreciation of the treasury will, ere then, have permanently altered the political condition not only of Rome, but of all Italy.

The degeneracy of modern Rome is a subject ever forced upon the thoughtful resident, whenever his mind is free to revert to the local and moral cir-

* Tosti, the present Treasurer General, is said to have administered the financial department so successfully as to have met the annual exigencies, made up the deficit of the past year, and retained a surplus.

cumstances by which he is surrounded. And to one who is in anywise familiar with her past history or susceptible to her present influences, it becomes an almost absorbing theme: Vainly, at times, do the glories of the Vatican allure him; their delightful enchantments fade before a more impressive reality. He cannot rejoice unreservedly in the splendours of human art, when humanity is a wreck around him; he cannot indulge in stirring retrospection over the sculptured figure of an old Roman, when it serves but to render more prominent the moral deformity of his descendant. And if a gleam of native enthusiasm excite him, caught from scenes which the supremacy of character has hallowed, or a sentiment of rich gratification steals over him from the midst of material beauty, the idea which he most loves to connect with these—the idea of his race brings with it an overpowering sadness. Throughout all that art or antiquity here unfolds, he feels as if wandering in a beautiful garden, once blest with a presence which shall know it no more. He feels, in his inmost soul, that it was this non-existent object of his love which lent an hitherto unknown interest to the marble and canvass, to mount and river; and while ever and anon their silent beauty affords a sad pleasure, they oftener serve but to remind him of the grave which has closed over the beloved of his memory.

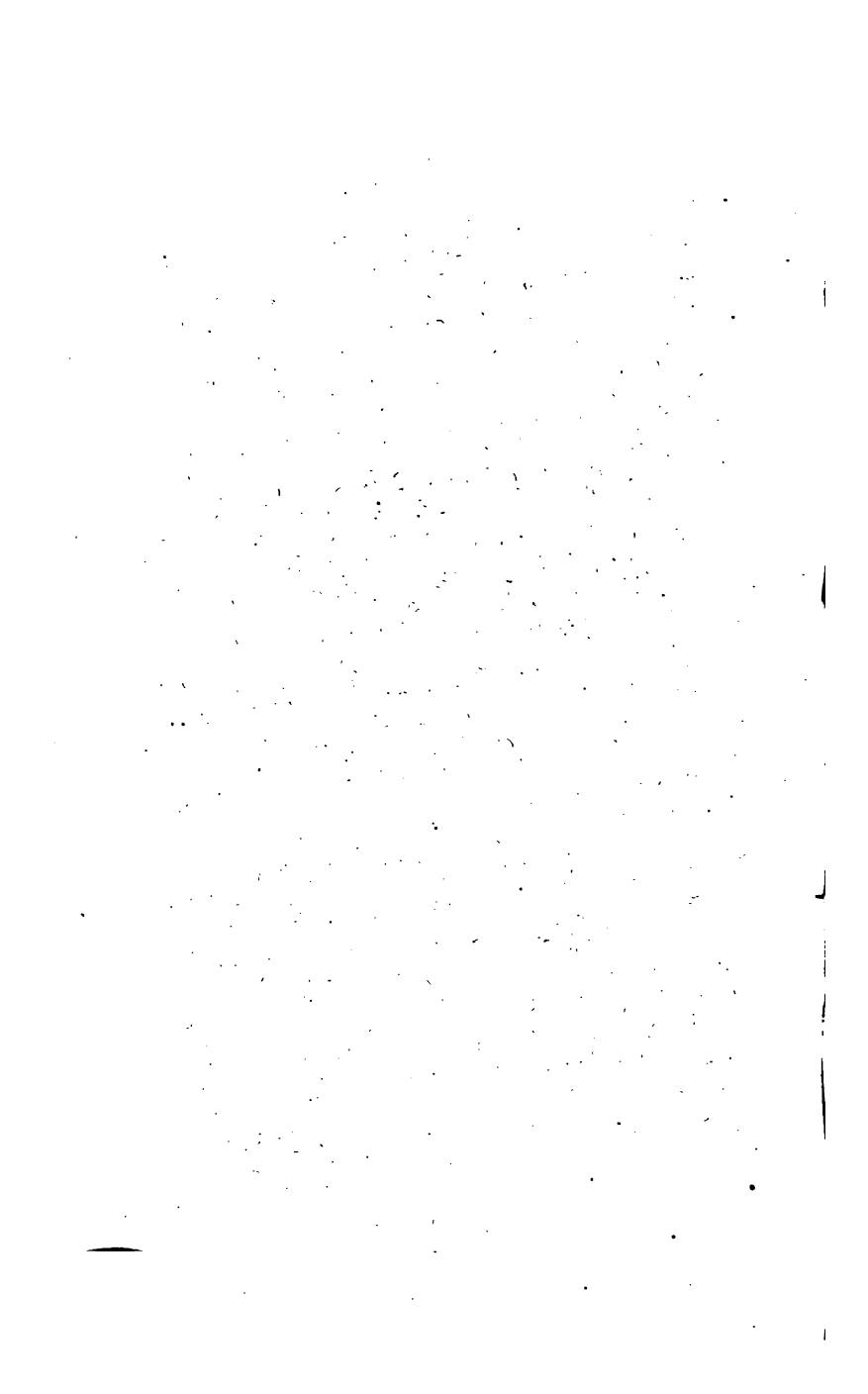
Yet he gradually derives consolation, which sometimes brightens into happiness, in attaching himself

to such mementos; and when they recal most strongly what has been, the thought of what may yet be, brings home an exquisite and almost forgotten delight. While melancholy even imparts its sad hue to the moral observer of Rome's relics and ruins, something of hope, of instinctive anticipation, bears out the mental gratification which ever flows from them.

FLORENCE.

"Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life with her redundant horn;
Along the banks, where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

"Search within,
Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery."



FLORENCE.

LOCALITIES.

THE prevalence of broad-sweeping vales, thickly studded with olive trees, and relieved by a background of snow-covered mountains, uniquely embosoming a picturesque city, through the midst of which a river courses, spanned by several finely arched bridges—these are local circumstances which clearly assure us that we are in the delightful capital of the garden of Italy, as Tuscany is appropriately called. A merely conventional view of Florence inspired me with a strong predilection for it as a residence. It possesses that medium character

as regards extent, population, and activity, which is essential to the comfort of those who would find in their place of abode a moderate degree of liveliness combined with something of quietude and beauty. Its compactness and broadly-paved streets, and the general magnitude and antique cast of its buildings, are features which almost immediately prepossess the visitor.

One cannot wander long in Florence without coming out upon the Piazza Grand Duca. This square seems to possess something of the local interest of the Edinburgh grass-market, as described by Sir Walter Scott; not that peculiar events transpire there, but the place is a kind of central resort, the post office and custom house being there situated, and that curious specimen of Tuscan architecture called the Palazzo Vecchio. There, too, stand the colossal and time-hallowed figures, sculptured by Buonarrotti; seen at night how mystic their snowy distinctness! The illuminated figures upon the old tower designate, at that season, the hour, and a solitary sentinel standing in the shade of the buildings, with the equestrian statue of Cosmo in the centre, complete the romanticity of the scene. In the day-time a far more bustling appearance is presented—groups awaiting the sorting of the mails, venders crying at their scattered booths, and, most unique of all, a quack mounted upon his *câleche*, eulogizing his nostrums most eloquently.

The view from the Boboli gardens attached to the ducal palace, is thus graphically described by a celebrated English poet:

‘ You see below Florence, a smokeless city, with its domes and spires occupying the vale, and beyond, to the right, the Apennines, whose base extends even to the walls, and whose summits are intersected by ashen-coloured clouds. The green valleys of these mountains, which gently unfold themselves upon the plains, and the intervening hills, covered with vineyards and olive plantations, are occupied by the villas, which are, as it were, another city—a Babylon of palaces and gardens. In the midst of the picture rolls the Arno, through woods bounded by aerial snowy summits of the Apennines. On the right, a magnificent buttress of lofty craggy hills, overgrown with wilderness, juts out into many shapes over a lonely valley, and approaches the walls of the city.

‘ Cascini and other villages occupy the pinnacles and abutments of these hills, over which is seen, at intervals, the ethereal mountain line, hoary with snow and intersected by clouds. The valley below is covered with cypress groves, whose obeliskine forms of intense green pierce the gray shadow of the wintry hills that overhang them. The cypresses, too, of the garden, form a magnificent foreground of accumulated verdure: pyramids of dark green shining cones, rising out of a mass, between

which are cut, like caverns, recesses conducting into walks.'

At no great distance we find the Museum of Natural History, the anatomical preparations of which are probably unsurpassed for their complete and scientific exhibition of the several parts and processes of the human system. Here the body seems literally laid open, its nerves, glands and muscles represented in their natural positions, relations, hues and functions; and all with a regularity of arrangement, and displaying a perfection in the execution truly admirable. Means of studying nature, in so important a department, more comprehensive, and withal commodious, can scarcely be imagined. Admiration of the skill of the artist and an agitating sense of the wonderful delicacy and mysterious science involved in our physical being alternately occupy the beholder.

The Mausoleum and Chapel Tomb of the Medici are remarkable objects of attention. The latter is hallowed by the immortal work of M. Angelo, which it contains; and the former is yet in the progress of construction, and although very rich in marbles and precious stones, possesses too sombre a hue, with its present incumbrances, to show these to much advantage.

ART AND ARTISTS.

WITHIN the palace is a magnificent range of apartments appropriated to the fine arts, through which we are privileged, by the liberal courtesy so striking to the stranger in Tuscany, unreservedly to wander. They are adorned above with the most splendid frescos illustrative of the Iliad, beneath by brilliantly polished floors, while around, in gorgeous profusion, are various and admired paintings. The chief distinction of this collection seems to consist in the remarkable paucity of ordinary works amid such a multitude. There are few which indicate vast genius or inspire overpowering sentiments, but many which, from their intrinsic beauty or excellence of execution, form delightful sources of contemplative pleasure.

But the grand object which lends a most attractive charm to this city, is its far-famed gallery of art, containing, besides innumerable paintings, many original works of ancient sculpture. Day after day may the resident here frequent this elegant and instructive resort, until it becomes to him a familiar retreat, where much of his daily happiness is experienced, and many of his best thoughts suggested.

Here, were this my home, would many of my best friends be; for who can fail to have his favourite paintings, as well as his much-loved walks or most admired authors? And who that values the objects and agencies around him in proportion to their improving influences can withstand the sentiment of sympathy inspired by the long study and nurtured love of art's happiest products? How many delightful hours may one pass in that little *sanctum* of art—the Tribune, gazing upon its presiding goddess, and basking in the radiated expression of its pictured glories! Often, while seated in the circular chair opposite the celebrated statue of the Knife-grinder, I could not but reflect upon the position as superior to any which mere wealth or station could boast. For if the end chiefly attainable from both these is enjoyment, assuredly the rich little apartment I temporarily occupied, evolves from its beautiful treasures sufficient pleasurable inspiration to delight every worthy capacity of happiness, such as is derivable from outward objects. Specification and especial comment in regard to the paintings in the Gallery and Palace of Florence becomes less and less practicable as the sojourner repeats and lengthens his visits. The works of Raphael, Titian, Morillo, and Salvator, distinctive as they are, become to the studious observer more and more instinct with an inspiration over which he loves to ponder, but which seldom 'wreaks itself upon expression.'

Standing amid the renowned sculptured group of

Niobe and her children, I could indeed discover maternal sadness in the fixed countenance of the former: yet at the first view, it seemed wanting in that excited, agonized grief, which the occasion would naturally induce. Perhaps, however, the expression more justly is that of placid and utterly despairing sorrow. The matronly form, the manner in which the mother's arm protects her clinging babe, the fine natural positions of the children—none can behold without admiration; nor, I think, without wishing that the whole group was better disposed for exhibiting the scene so vaguely indicated by the severed and regularly placed figures.

At the extremity of the gallery are two statues by Donatello—John the Baptist in the Wilderness, and David. In viewing the former, one must admit its excellence as an artificial representation of an attenuated human form; but few can restrain a feeling of impatience in regarding it as the image it is designed to exhibit. In the successful attempt to delineate a victim of famine, all trace of devotion and benignity is lost. In this, as in other instances, the subject of regret is that the artist had not been satisfied with executing a fine imitation of nature, instead of aiming, at the same time, at representing a great character. Michael Angelo's Christ would not so often disappoint, were it known by another name. It is the nature of man to associate with names corresponding ideas; and he mars not a little the completeness of his fame who is prone to con-

nect with the emanations of his genius or industry, the added attraction of a title which is, in itself, calculated to excite great expectations. That title will anticipate the work itself in reputation; and hence the notions of the multitude will be proportionably raised. It is highly interesting to peruse the various, and for the most part, strongly marked countenances in the Portrait Gallery. These likenesses comprise authentic delineations of the master-painters. Those of Titian, Vandyke, and Perugini particularly arrested my attention.

In the Corsini Palace, several sketches by Salvatore—a powerful modern work, the Death of Priam—a very pretty one, the Corsini Children—two Dutch portraits, finished up with a truly dreadful fidelity to nature—Carlo Dolci's Poesia, and a drawing by Raphael, are the most interesting works in the extensive collection. Of late productions of art at present to be seen in this city, few interested me more than those of Bartolini, the most celebrated, and, in some respects, the best of modern sculptors. The statue of Charity, with an infant asleep in her arms, and a boy receiving instruction at her feet, and a beautiful Priestess of Bacchus, still in the hands of the artist, most delighted me. I viewed, also, with lively pleasure, a picture just completed by a young Florentine—the miracle of a mule refusing her proffered food and falling upon her knees at the sight of St. Anthony bearing the host. Whatever may be thought of the subject, the execu-

tion is wonderful. The countenance of the covered heretic, for whose good the miracle is supposed to have been performed, expressing astonishment and conviction, the calm self-possessed air of the saint, with the reverence and still devotion beaming from the attentive features of the surrounding crowd—all this is most feelingly conceived and depicted. The artist is but twenty years of age, one of a gifted family.

In relation to contemporary artists, and to the most beautiful of the arts, it is however happily permitted to the American visitor at Florence, to mingle with the gratifications of the present and the hopes of the future, the glow of patriotic pride and pleasure. When from the halls sacred to the trophies of ancient art, he turns to regard the efforts now making to renew the days of her glory, there is one spot to which he will fondly and frequently revert, where an assiduous and gifted votary brightens the days of his exile with the loved labours of the chisel. Whether moulding infant forms to speak to us of innocence and heaven, tracing the delicate lines of a marble-embodied portraiture, or turning to the sublime enterprise of fashioning the august image of the Father of his Country for the Capitol of the rotunda, the artist manifests the conceptive and progressive energy of true genius. It is the Studio of Greenough.

A SPRING EXCURSION.

As the season of mildness and salubrity unfolds with the rapidity and luxuriance peculiar to southern Europe, the pleasures of pedestrianism and excursions into the vicinity are augmented. To gain the summit of Fiesole, the place of Cataline's encampment, and gaze from off the beautiful and cypress-decked esplanade in front of the old monastery there situated, upon the city beneath, and the snowy heights in the distance, or to thread the sunny path that skirts the river, becomes daily more delightful. The song of birds in the groves, the rustling of the bright lizards among the dead leaves, and the hum of insects in the warm air are too spring-like not to excite, with their genial vivacity, the contemplative spirit. On these occasions the converse of friendship would frequently and almost spontaneously die away before the subtle influence of awakening and teeming nature. Ever and anon we involuntarily paused to admire the beauty around. The river presenting an increased body of water, rapidly purling along its wayward course; the opposite bank displaying its numerous and various trees, now becoming more deeply umbrageous and verdant,

while, upon each hand, that glorious object, the hoary mountain ranges, reflecting the scattered sunlight, and contrasting with the indented slopes, combined to form a landscape of peculiar cheerfulness and beauty.

It was on a day like this that I extended my acquaintance with the environs of the city, much beyond the limits to which previous excursions had carried me. After six miles of riding we reached Pratolino, a villa of the Grand Duke, and perambulated its park-like grounds, the wooded parts of which forcibly reminded me of Mount Auburn. Here we viewed a most colossal statue, composed of brick, plaster-work and stone, which, from its awful size and muscular development, presents a mammoth rather than a truly sublime object. The fountain designed to flow over it was quite dry. The figure is human and in a sitting posture. We went through the ceremony of ascending and entering the enormous head of this monstrous result of the labours of Giovanni di Bologna. The old *lacquey de place* who accompanied us promised to point out his country house on the road; and when we were passing a broad plain having a large cross in the centre, declared that to be the 'home in the country' to which he confidently expected to retire. It was the public burying-ground. Thus spoke he of the last resting place of his body, and in his habit and easy manner of sustaining the mortal coil, I recognized one of those peculiar philosophers, of whom Goldsmith so often and charmingly speaks.

CARNIVAL.

THE last week of Carnival, although unmarked by the extravagant festivities which attract the stranger multitude at the seat of Catholicism, is yet sufficiently prolific of amusement. The *Lung' Arno*, as the street bordering the river is called, is thronged, and the occasional appearance of a party of maskers, and especially that of a gilded and painted vehicle, filled with a band of choristers dressed in the Chinese fashion, evidences a gala time. The Grand Duke's equipage, consisting of several carriages drawn by four horses richly caparisoned, with gaudy outriders, adds to the passing show. A *Festa di Ballo* is the favourite evening diversion. The extensive floor of one of the large theatres is covered with people of various orders, the number of maskers being generally small in proportion to the whole assembly. Most of the females wear large black silk dominos and half masks. A few gay and comical disguises appear amid the throng; and most of the time three or four sets of waltzers are footing it away in various parts of the building. There is far less of genuine humour than I had

looked for, and a small display of taste in the costumes. Most of the maskers, in their silent glidings to and fro, seemed convened rather for intrigue than mere pastime. Indeed the practice, when not evidently made use of as a source of mirth, or successful in producing that effect, is too intrinsically sinister to please those unaccustomed to it. I can readily imagine a masquerade in France as a very gay, amusing, and perhaps pleasing spectacle; but if this be a specimen of this form of diversion in Italy, I can only say that it possesses, in my view, little comparative attraction. The Chiesa di St. Giovanni is splendidly arrayed in tapestry and brilliantly illuminated. The inspiring solos and choruses, with the deep responses of the assembled multitude, and the grand instrumental harmony, formed a scene more impressive and interesting than the combined pleasures of the Carnival.

Among the by-way mirth observable at this mirthful season, one instance struck me as quite unique. A man wearing a military chapeau, stood upon an inverted basket, at a corner, with an outstretched arm and a fixed eye, immovable as a statue. The joke consisted in his perfect immobility amid the jeers and questionings of an eager group. In the midst of a warm debate, whether the figure was artificial or human, the support was removed from beneath his feet, and the hero of the scene joined in the merriment, the source of which was so essentially the product of Florentine wit. A few days after I saw

a multitude convened to witness a sadder but equally characteristic spectacle. In front of the singular old prison of Florence, three criminals were exposed, having upon their breasts large placards indicating their names, age and crimes. They had been condemned to the galleys for three years, and the bell had assembled a curious crowd to gaze upon their wretchedness, and witness their transportation.

CEREMONIES.

On a fine afternoon we visited Prato, a manufacturing town ten miles distant, for the purpose of witnessing a religious procession, which occurs there once in three years, and is deemed one of the most imposing in Italy. Having passed two or three hours in roaming about the streets, amid the dense crowds assembled to behold the ceremonial, about dusk we took the station previously obtained for us, being one compartment of the rough and somewhat elevated galleries which lined the way. The houses were illuminated, and the strong light falling upon two tiers of spectators arranged on either side, gave to the scene a remarkable effect. First in the procession (designed in observance of the death of our Saviour) came a large cavalcade, habited as the ancient Roman soldiers, the leaders wearing rich mantles, and dark-plumed helmets; then a considerable body of infantry; then a band of musicians clad in black. After these appeared an immense number of laymen bearing torches, and followed by boys, priests and marshals; and then were borne, successively, all the emblems of our Saviour's sufferings,

and, inscribed upon banners, his words during the crucifixion; after all, preceded by a large choir of priests, and surrounded by torch-bearers, appeared the image of the dead Jesus, over which was carried a large black canopy; then came the Madonna, more music, another cavalcade of soldiery, and files of citizens closed the procession. As this was the first ceremonial of the kind I had seen, my interest was considerably excited. It certainly was well calculated to induce its destined influence. The combined effect of such a solemn moving pageant, and the gazing multitude, revealed to the sight by the flickering glare of an hundred torches; the profound stillness which reigned, broken only by an occasional murmur, the deep tones of the chanters, or the measured strains of the instruments; the view, under such circumstances, of the symbols of the sufferings of Him who, on that day, centuries past, was borne mournfully and quietly to the sepulchre—all came most touchingly and with an awful and solemn distinctness upon the mind.

Among the curious ceremonies of the holy week, observed in Florence, is that called the *Columbina*. At mid-day, the figure of a small dove is made, by fire-works, to glide rapidly along a large wire from the main altar of the Cathedral, through the principal entrance to the other side of the street, where it comes in contact with a magazine of squibs lodged in a massive carved block or pillar, thence producing gradual but continued explosions. This pheno-

menon, although its effect is unaided by the darkness of night, is eagerly viewed by an immense populace filling the large square and adjacent balconies and windows. What its religious signification is, I cannot precisely determine. The first fire is said to be communicated from a holy flint, *i. e.* a small fragment of the tomb of Christ; and the *contardini* attach great importance to the manner in which the dove executes her mission, not indeed a very peaceful one. Should her passage be uninterrupted, and the desired effect be produced, a favourable season for the crops is inferred; if, on the other hand, mismanagement causes a failure, the contrary event is sadly presaged. On this occasion the whole affair went off well. It was regarded with much apparent interest—an interest, indeed, which nothing but the character of the people and the force of popular superstitions can explain.

NORMA.

THE opera of Norma is rife with the beautiful music of Bellini, and the graceful poetry of Felice Romano. The first representation here was attended by an immense assemblage, and listened to with singular attention, from the fact, that during the last autumn it was performed on the same stage, with a German lady as *prima donna*, with what was believed to be an unequalled degree of success.

The plot of this opera represents the Druids in Gaul, whose orgies are urged to the downfall of the Romans, who, under a proconsul, are occupying this ancient seat of their rites, and is said to have a hidden meaning, and to be allegorically significant of the abuses of monastic institutions and the downfall of the church; for which reason it was prohibited in Rome under its original name, and before being presented there received essential modifications. Norma is high priestess, her father high priest, and Adalgisa a young *ministra* in the temple. The young Roman officer woos and wins Norma, and afterwards is in love with Adalgisa. At length, being taken in the very act of spying upon the Dru-

idical rights, he is condemned to death; when Norma declares her apostacy, and glories to die upon the same pile with her faithless but repentant lover. This outline is most boldly sketched and interestingly filled up in the opera. The moving scenes are those in which the infidelity of the proconsul is discovered, where Norma makes a vain attempt to kill her offspring; her interview with Adalgisa, the last with Pollione, and that in which she implores her father's forgiveness, and commits her children to his care. The choruses are remarkably fine, and the dresses, particularly of the females, quite picturesque. In Norma's first ministration at the altar, there is a hymn addressed to the moon, the most touching piece of vocalism I have heard.

Casta Diva, che inargenti
 Queste sacre antiche piante,
 A noi volgi il bel sembiante
 Senza nube e senza vel.
 Tempra tu de' cori ardenti,
 Tempra ancor lo zelo audace,
 Spargi in terra quella pace
 Che regnar tu fai nel ciel.
 A noi volgi il bel sembiante
 Senza nube e senza vel.

For pathos, vigour of acting, and strong moral expression, the consummation of the plot in this opera, as developed by vocal and dramatic talents of a high order, is unsurpassed. When the young and gallantly arrayed Roman is brought before the Dru-

idical assembly, to answer to the charge of haunting their sacred groves, he sees Norma for the first time since, on the detection of his estrangement, she overwhelmed him with indignant reproaches. And now when the avenging steel is raised to destroy him, she solicits her unsuspecting parent to allow her a private interview with the culprit, as it were to search into the motives of his sacrilege. The brilliant temple is deserted by all but the proconsul and her he has injured. He quailed not before the angry multitude, nor at the threatening weapon, but the eloquent eye of Norma thrills him with awe. I can scarcely imagine a more commanding dramatic representation of woman's dignity and power under the sense of injury, than is displayed in the majestic mien and sternly beaming countenance of Norma, as with the oak-leaf garland upon her head, her long dark hair falling over white habiliments, and her symmetrical arms quite bare and braceleted with gold, she pauses before the awe-struck Roman, and gazing as if to read his soul and torture with the gaze—breaks the spell of a long and solemn silence with the deeply chanted words:

In mia mano alfin tu sei.

In the duet between Norma and Adalgisa, where they mingle their saddened spirits and mourn together—the one for love unreturned, the other for love to be renounced, every note of the gamut is run up with a precision and melody truly astonish-

ing. And the last duet between the former and Pollione, when, by her voluntary self-sacrifice, the greatness of her character is revealed to him, and his affection is renewed only to cheer her dreadful doom, is melting beyond description.

NOR.—Qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdesti

Quest' ora orrenda ti manifesti.

Da te fuggire tentasti invano;

Crudel Romano tu sei con me.

Un nume, un fato di te più forte

Ci vuole uniti in vita e in morte.

Sul rogo istesso che mi divora,

Sott' terra ancora sarò con te.

POL.—Ah! troppo tardi t'ho conosciuta,...

Sublime donna, io t'ho perduta....

Col mio rimorso è amor rinato,

Più disperato, furente egli è.

Moriamo insieme, ah! sì, moriamo;

L'estremo accento sarà ch' io t' amo,

Ma tu morendo non m' abborrire,

Pria di morire perdona a me.

In a word, I have seen no opera which combines so much that is interesting and frequently sublime, and wonder not that in a country so imaginative and musical as this, and with such unrivalled performers, it should be so universally popular. In this, the city of its origin, the Italian opera seems to exist in singular perfection, and its votaries to evince a peculiar and discriminating enthusiasm.*

* Politiano is said to have originated the Italian opera in his 'Orfeo.'

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

It is not the intensity, but the peculiar chilliness of the mountain wind which renders winter formidable here. The difference of temperature, at that season, between the open country and in the full influence of the sun, and that of the narrow streets, is almost incredible. Hence the period of nature's renovation is not less welcome than in colder climes. And when the ceremonies of the holy week were over, and the season, deemed the finest in Florence, at length palpably evinced itself, the mass of travellers returned thither on their way northward. There is something to me singularly inconsistent in this mechanical driving way of seeing Italy. Of all countries it requires especial study, and calm habitual attention to develop its resources. There is, indeed, a kind of pleasure, to one in good health and easily amused, in flying from place to place, constantly seeking new objects and exhausting none. But this is surely a mere negative enjoyment. The individual *thus* intent upon self-gratification, may find it elsewhere, and by other means. The peculiar satisfaction derivable in this land, to one of us denizens of the new, the active, the bustling world,

is found in its quiet air, its contemplative spirit, in the imaginative character of the amusements, in the calm impulse by which, under such circumstances, the current of existence is urged along. The pervading musical spirit of the Florentines seemed to break out anew as the genial season advanced, and no time were the opera airs chanted by persons of almost every class as they walk the streets at night, heard more frequently.

The Florentines, and indeed the Tuscans, generally are, as far as my observation extended, the happiest Italians: more liberally governed they certainly are. But the number of paupers and improvidents, even here, must strike an American visitor; and blindness or affections of the eyes are remarkably common. Yet the peculiar toll of the bell which calls out the *Misericordia* is comparatively seldom heard. This is an ancient institution, the members of which, at a certain summons, array themselves in sackcloth dominos, and hasten to execute whatever charitable office the occasion demands. The brethren are buried by the society, whose dark forms, bearing a body, sometimes glide fearfully upon the sight, their torches flickering in the noon-day light, and their measured tread echoing among the busy streets quite solemnly.

Although my early and favourable impressions of this city were confirmed, yet, in one respect, many are liable to disappointment. With the imaginative expectancy natural to the inexperienced, we may

have pictured an inland Italian city as a quiet spot, whose very air is redolent with the mellowness of age, and whose every object, from the lowly dwelling to the magnificent church, is rich in the interest of antiquity. Here, on the contrary, there is much which resembles what may be called the natural language of a modern metropolis. The constant cry of the venders, the hurrying to and fro of busy feet, the restlessness of trade, and the gaudy bustle of pleasure—all are here, and they break in too rudely upon the quiet beauty of the scene, antiquated as are some of its features, to permit of more than the occasional indulgence of that romantic illusion with which we are fain to tint the sterner outlines of reality. Yet there are times and aspects which carry the meditative into the region where they most delight to expatiate—the region of imaginative thought. The pleasure of a morning's lounge in the gallery of the Pitti, or the Tribune, of a retrospective hour in the holy precincts of St. Croce, above the 'dust which makes them holier,' of a sunset view from the beautiful bridge of Santa Trinita, of an evening's walk along the Arno, of listening and gazing within the chaste walls of the Pergola—all this would seem tame in description, but in reality it is entrancing. It is, too, morally exciting, when the moon is careering high in the heavens, to walk around the spacious square of the Duomo, and look up at the Cathedral and beautiful greco-arabic *campanile* beside it, illuminated by a light so in

unison with their own dusky, yet rich hues, so revealing to the mammoth proportions of the one, and the towering but simple elegance of the other. When the wide space around reflects no sound but the faint echo of a solitary pedestrian, standing in full view of such a grand and time-hallowed result of human art, and remembering how oft the same lonely orb has bathed in silver radiance the old dome and pinnacles—more faithful in the still tenderness of her nightly greetings than the evanescent and inconstant sentiment of man, the idea of Italy and her intellectual nobleness comes home like a realized dream to the heart.



NAPLES.

"Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven!"

"I stood within the city disinterr'd;
And heard the autumnal leaves, like light foot-falls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The mountain's slumbering voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls."



NAPLES.

POZZUOLI.

THE *calleche* which I took in the suburbs, soon brought me in front of the high mound denominated Virgil's tomb; as my immediate arrangements precluded a minute inspection, I could only sigh at the discrepancy between the ideal and actual spot. Such *en passant* reflections were soon dissipated by the curious and antiquated scene in which I almost immediately found myself. This was no other than the Grotto of Posilipo, a cavern road, excavated so long ago that the date of the work is lost, through the high mount which divides Naples from Pozzuoli. I rode along this remarkable highway for the dis-

tance of half a mile. Its obscurity is only rendered more mysterious by the dim light of the lamps occasionally suspended upon the sides, and the broad glare of day seen at either end, through the dark perspective.

A few moments' ride, after emerging, brought me upon the sea-side, along which the remainder of my course lay. Upon a jutting point appeared Pozzuoli, an ancient town, while the hill-side, skirting my road on the right, displayed stratas of lava. Having discharged my conveyance, I proceeded to the old mole, considerable remnants of which still exist, and then hastened to the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis. Three very lofty columns alone remain standing, but several large fragments lie scattered around. The remaining exterior walls clearly indicate the original dimensions and shape of the temple, which was evidently on the highest scale of magnificence. Indeed, no remain of this class presented to me such a literal ruin as this. More than a foot of water covers the extensive marble floor, which slimy weeds completely hide. A ring and several broken vessels are discoverable, denoting the sacrifices of which it has been the scene. One of the columnar fragments is eaten, in a most remarkable manner, by a species of insect—the incisions being as large as an augur-hole. Near the ruins are remains of sulphur, vapour and mineral baths.

My attention was drawn to the amphitheatre, a ruin in excellent preservation. I was able to

walk, for a long space, between the two walls, within which are the caves for wild beasts, and exteriorly the shape is discernible. The arena is covered with trees; they were destitute of verdure, and the intervening space, thickly sown with grain, the green shoots of which had already put forth from a soil doubtless fertilized with human blood, and presenting to the casual spectator any thing rather than a spot where cruelty had often triumphed, and suffering been Romanly endured. The solfatura, or manufacture of sulphur and alum, from the native material, furnished yet another object in the vicinity. The process, from the absence of any considerable apparatus, is apparently very simple; probably little more than the melting and straining of the original substances, of which the surrounding hills are in a great measure composed. Where large excavations have been made, boiling springs have issued, the odour of which is tremendous. In many places the ground beneath seemed hollow, and I fancied I heard volcanic rumblings.

Resuming my walk, I passed over the mountain-side, where there is a very rough though somewhat worn path. The sun had just passed his meridian, and the heat and exercise soon produced considerable fatigue, so that I was glad to dine on the *campagna* bread and wine, in the cottage of a *contadini*. Having reached the Lake d'Agnano, and admired its placid beauty, I found it impossible to enter the *grotto del cane*, or see the experiment

from which it derives its name, as the *custode*, like most of his neighbours, had gone to enjoy the festa within the city. But I had seen enough of nature's gaseous operations for one day, and could too easily imagine this, to regret the accident of not witnessing it.

About an hour's rapid walking brought me once more to the grotto wood, through which I passed, and was again in Naples. Upon reaching the *chiaja*, the placid waters of the broad bay, the red streak upon Vesuvius, the busy, mingled and noisy crowd—all accorded with what I had read, and almost with what I had imagined of the city. Upon the square in front of the royal palace, the church of St. Francisco appeared, studded with small lights upon the top of the corridors, domes and cross. In a few moments, at a signal fired from below, far brighter and larger flames flashed up in the intervening spaces, exhibiting the statues in broad relief, and the square filled with an admiring populace. The Toledo, too, was crowded, and every house illuminated;—it was the evening of the king's birthday, and his seemingly happy subjects, of every rank, class and calling, were abroad and active.

POMPEII.

THE weather being very unpromising on the succeeding morning, I had determined to pass it within the city as profitably as might be, and having visited several churches, and taken a glimpse of the large dull chambers of the court of justice, I entered the celebrated museum, which contains, among sundry other curiosities, the disinterred relics of another age and a by-gone people—the various articles rescued from Herculaneum and Pompeii. After inspecting the strange and frequently beautiful frescos, I entered the gallery of sculpture, and viewed the innumerable busts of heroic, political and philosophical characters there collected—the statues of emperors, of heathen divinities, of fabulous beings, of men venerated for ages for their virtues or wisdom, or ‘damned to fame’ for their licentious use of temporary power. I found myself somewhat familiar with the forms and features of these personages, having become partially acquainted therewith during my visit to the other galleries of Italy. I was particularly delighted with a statue of Aristides—the position of which seems truly inimitable; it breathes

the very spirit of that dignity which is founded solely upon moral pre-eminence. I gazed with interest upon the trophies from Egypt, the remarkable idols, the well preserved mummies, the laboured hieroglyphics; and with wonder upon the bronzes preserved, it is difficult to tell how, from the effect of a heat apparently intense enough to melt them into their original crude forms. Deeming this view of the lower halls sufficient for one day, and finding that the threatened sirocco was destined to be less formidable than I imagined, I left Naples, and in about two hours was walking beneath the half obscure sky of a mild afternoon, through a city whose inhabitants vanished from the earth like a mist, and whose glory, if glory consists in fame, results, not like that of other places, from the hallowing actions of mankind, but from the destructive operations of nature—I was in Pompeii. With what feelings of curiosity and awe did I tread upon the very pavement where, two thousand years ago, hundreds of my fellow beings moved to and fro, with all the carelessness, the eagerness of pursuit, the selfishness of purpose, which another race so long trod above their entombed habitations! Stript as Pompeii is of those objects which rendered it, when first discovered, the greatest of wonders, the very sight of houses, shops, theatres and temples, broken and imperfect as they are, where ages ago this wonderful phenomena of human existence was carried on, and its several elements sustained, even

as at present: this is most wonderful, most exciting. We seem to know, as never before, that human nature has ever been the same—the same in its wants, if not the same in its resources. There are those who can witness the passing away of one of the myriads of men which people the earth, or stand among the congregated tombs of their kind, and yet feel no light shed upon the darkness of their scepticism, and doubt a better destiny for man, even over the gloomy consummation of his physical existence. But who can enter the living tomb of a civilized people, which has appeared, almost magically, after the lapse of centuries, and not yield, without resistance, to its most eloquent teachings? Viewing the identical means of life, bodily and mental, that were wrought by an extinct race for the gratification of their native propensities, and computing the degree of thought, the exercise of sentiment here unfolded, can any one believe that the fiery masses which failed to destroy these conventional means, palsied in oblivion the energies that created them?

Pompeii, its history, the particulars of its disinterment, the objects it presents, are familiar to the mind of almost every one. We can scarcely hope, in its present state, to do more than realize our abstract ideas concerning it. One impression the observant visiter of this day cannot but carry away, and that is, that its yet undiscovered treasures will exceed all that the past has unfolded. ..

VESUVIUS.

UNDER favourable auspices I commenced moving, upon a donkey, from the village of Resina towards Vesuvius, through a kind of lane choked up with earth and stones. Two hours of slow riding brought me to the first elevation, where stands a cottage, called the Hermitage, inhabited by an old monk, and affording shelter to the guards upon the mountain. My course became then confined to a mule-path, so much impeded by the heavy masses of lava, that none but the experienced animal I bestrode could have made a way along its rough and broken surface. I was soon upon a vast plain of crude black lava, thrown into a thousand accidental forms, and presenting a wide scene of utter desolation. At the foot of Vesuvius, properly so called, I left the animal, and commenced climbing the steep ascent. Being obliged to tread solely upon the craggy projections or small fragments of the lava, and sometimes upon ashes only, the process proved exceedingly fatiguing. Although in part sustained by the guide by means of the horse's bridle, I was several times obliged to sit down upon some projecting

point and collect breath for a fresh effort. Proceeding thus, I at length reached the comparatively level space immediately below the uppermost elevation. Here, as I advanced towards the new crater, the crackling of the porous masses, and the bellowing of the smoke-pouring summit, were sufficiently appalling. Occasionally the boiling sulphur was seen oozing from some little crevice, and the surface which sustained my wayward footsteps, seemed about to fall beneath them.

I approached near enough to the new crater to inhale the sulphurous exhalations and become sensible of its potent heat. In its immediate vicinity, where the outer crust was broken, and the liquid flames roaring and bursting through the aperture, several peasants were moulding the glowing lava into coarse medallions, as coolly as if at work over a forge. Having breathed the suffocating air and roamed over the heated scorixæ as long as prudence permitted, I began to retrace my steps. My passage down the mountain was wonderfully expeditious, as I almost slid upon the fine ashes, and had only to guard against falling. During the descent, and from the summit, the view was surprisingly beautiful, comprising a complete panorama of Naples, its unrivalled bay and adjacent villages.

BAIÆ.

BEING again favoured with a remarkably fine day for the season, I retraced my course to Pozzuoli, and continued along the sea until I reached the Lucrine lake, which is so near the water's edge that a small connecting canal has been formed across the road. Dismounting, I walked around this calm and apparently shallow sheet of water, then threaded a pleasant winding path, which finally brought me to the lake of Avernus, upon the banks of which is the Sybil's cave. I inspected, with an attention which the scenery itself never would have elicited, the scene so minutely described by Virgil, and said to have suggested his idea of the infernal regions. I next stopped at the ruins of Nero's villa, and especially observed the vapour-baths below, formed by the sea-water heated by the volcanic elements beneath the bank, and thence sending up volumes of saline and sulphurous steam. Through several crevices this vapour escapes exteriorly, but its chief outlet is into what originally constituted the subterraneous apartments of the villa.

Continuing rapidly on our way to Baiæ, I de-

scended into the old dungeons of a Roman prison, and visited the antique, arched and laboured reservoir in its vicinity. I was thus soon in view of a large expanse of water, separated from the Mediterranean by a narrow and marshy fen, and bounded on the right by a slightly declining hill, partially cultivated—the Stygian lake and Elysian fields of the great Mantuan! A promontory stretching into the sea, and forming, in conjunction with the land on which I stood, a small bay, is the port Misenum. The paths leading to these sites, together forming the whole landscape so minutely described in the Eneid, were worn by the pilgrimages of travellers. The very children of the village knew my purpose, and verbosely designated the localities. What an indirect but indisputable testimony this to truths, which many are fain theoretically to deny! Many a hill and vale, many an extent of water and tract of cultivated land of surpassing beauty, lie unadmired amid the vastness of our continent; and yet these localities, even when bereft of the flowery accompaniments of spring, and undecked with the golden splendours of autumn, are lingered over by devotees of every country with an interest and sentiment that nature's highest glories fail to inspire. And all this because an ancient and beautiful poet was wont to wander there, and is thought thence to have derived many of his descriptive ideas. In truth, where the master spirits of the earth have been, or whatever spots their recorded thoughts have hallow-

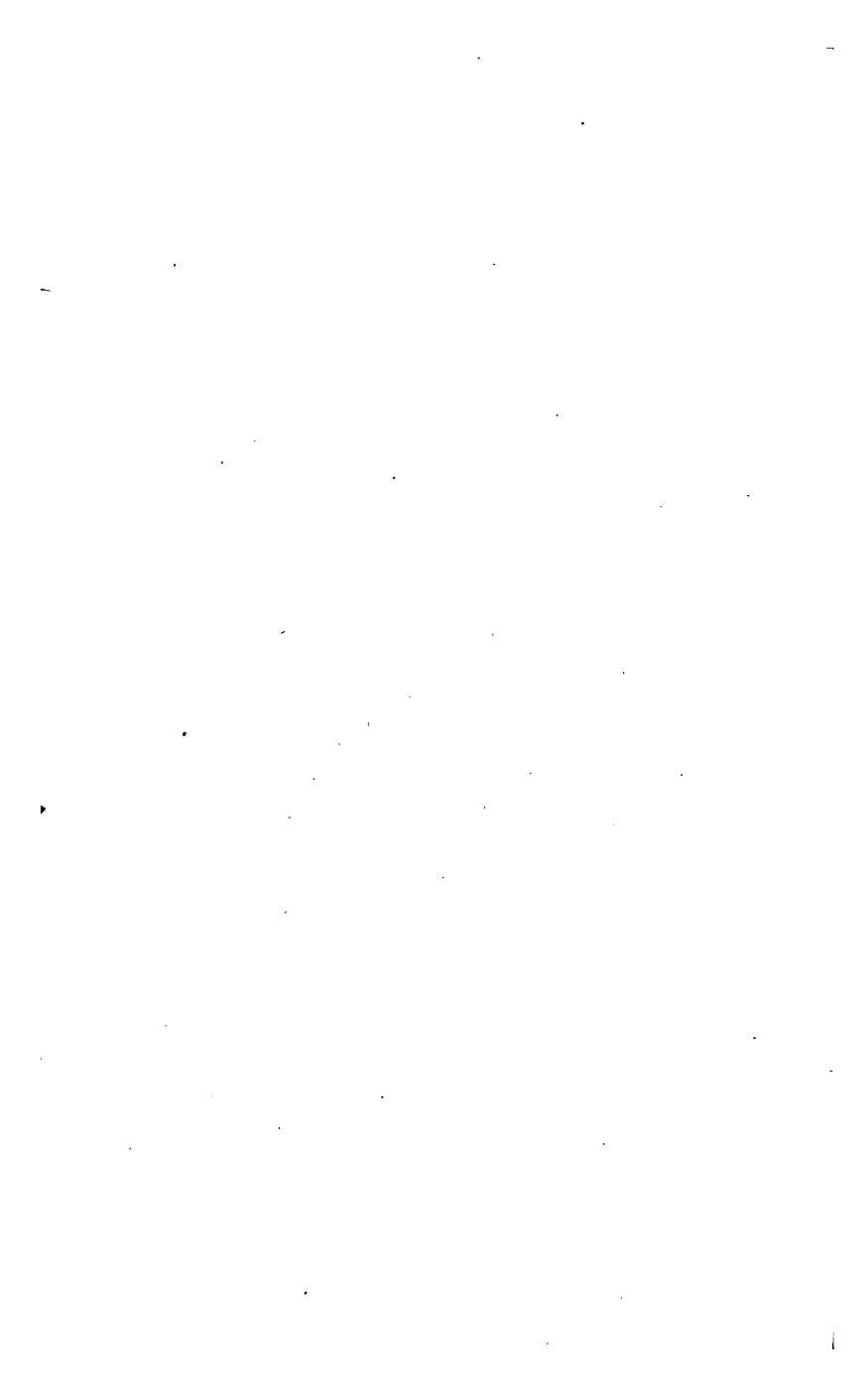
ed, there is ever after an unfailing attraction to beings of a like nature.

Returning, I examined the octangular brick-work remain of the temple of Venus, and the more perfect remnant of that of Neptune. Baïæ and its vicinity were evidently favourite resorts of the old Romans. Everywhere the foundations of a wall, the archway of a subterranean apartment, or a broken and crude mass of plastered brick-work, denote the former existence of extensive buildings. The Cumæen amphitheatre and lava-paved road were passed on my way to Naples. The lovely and expansive view from the garden above Virgil's tomb, an excursion in the beautiful bay, and a few walks amid the gaudiness, bustle and beggary of the city, completed my experiences here. It is only in the environs that we find that tranquil classic scenery for which Italy is renowned. There, when balmy weather prevails, every object breathes the quiet and picturesque influence of antiquated art and hallowed nature.

VENICE.

“Queen of cities!
Goddess of ocean! with the beauty crowned
Of Aphrodite from her parent deep!
If thine Ausonian heaven denies the strength
That nerves a mountain race of sterner mould,
It gives thee charms whose very softness wins
All hearts to worship.”

“I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart.”



VENICE.

SCENES.

EARLY on the day succeeding my arrival in Venice, I was lolling upon the cushioned seats, and beneath the little dark awning of a gondola, and was thus carried along through numberless canals; the stroke of the oar, and occasional salutation of the gondolier alone breaking upon the impressive quietness. Passing by the old and seemingly deserted habitations which line the less public ways, I silently but thoughtfully contemplated the surrounding scene. One moment gliding beneath one of the many short but massive bridges, another sailing noiselessly under a window whence some listless

observer was gazing, now coming almost in contact with a passing gondola, and again occupying the solitary waters of a minor course. The steps and lower portions of the buildings, green with humid vegetation, the mouldering walls, the sad repose of neglect, and the palpable evidences of time's corroding finger, were circumstances too unique not to be observed, and too interesting to be unimpressive.

I was introduced by the *custode* of the Tribunal of Justice, upon the Bridge of Sighs—the lofty and covered archway connecting the prison and palace. I found it an exceedingly massive structure, consisting of two passages, the two entrances communicating with the general prison, and one of the two leading into the palace being closed up. By examining the locality, I soon perceived the error which has been justly ascribed to Byron, that of supposing that a passage from the palace to the prison was a fatal path. On the contrary, he who was so happy as to escape the condemnation of 'the Ten,' was acquitted, or remanded to his former cell, instead of being consigned by the private staircase to the secret dungeons beneath. Hence to him, in either case, the path was joyful rather than sad. Well, however, may such a heavy and short way between the tribunal and the jail be called the *Ponte di Sospiri*; for it must full often have re-echoed the heavy sighs of innumerable sufferers. Descending by the golden stairs, so called, I was guided to the awful prisons beneath, and examined the rude in-

scriptions and bloody stains still existent in the gloomy vaults so long the secret scenes of suffering and destruction.*

Landing near the church of St. Georgio Maggiore, I admired, for some time, its architectural neatness and simple grandeur. Next proceeding to the Chiesa di Carmelitani, I was much interested in examining the numerous precious marbles which line its interior. Much time was consumed in viewing some of the most important churches, and in perusing the peculiar architecture of many of the crumbling and blackened palaces bordering the main canal. I remarked that the former edifices were much lighter, and the marbles more vivid than is the case with most of the churches, out of Lombardy, which I had previously seen. In one of these I was interestingly occupied in viewing the monument to Canova; one of the sculptured figures which adorn it carries an urn containing the heart of the great artist. The Academy of the Fine Arts engaged much of my attention. In what has been called Titian's master-piece—the Assumption, there seemed to me exceeding richness without corresponding

* As we crossed the Square of St. Marks, we remarked that the pigeons did not fly hastily at our approach, and remembered with interest, that they were privileged natives of the place, having been, during and since the republic, under the special protection of government.

effect; but in the 'Marriage of Cana,' by Pardarino, I deemed the countenance of the bride one of the most beautiful faces I had seen upon canvass, with the exception of several of Raphael's Madonnas.

The more I saw of this peculiar school of painting called Venetian, the more was I captivated with its unrivalled richness and depth of colouring, and the more regretful of its frequent lack of powerful expression. This latter quality seems pre-eminently requisite for the production of any thing like permanent impression upon the mind of the spectator. When I recall some of Raphael's works, the sentiment embodied in the picture is before me, and strongly identified with his unequalled images; but even after a comparatively short interval, many of the larger pictures of the Venetian school were merged, in my imagination, in the splendour of their own gorgeous hues.

I next disembarked at the Rialto, interesting from its Shakspearian associations. Alas! no rich Venetian merchants are now to be seen upon its still bustling walk, though every traveller will find something of the Shylock spirit lingering yet. A subsequent object was the Arsenal, where the antique statues before the entrance, the various instruments of war and torture, and the models of the old barques, proved quite curious, and worthy of attention. Several fettered workmen, prisoners, passed to and fro in the extensive yards, and the appear-

ance of active business was striking for this part of the world.

I walked through the lower hall, and up the deserted staircase of the Palazzo Barbarigo, with a sentiment of melancholy sympathy for the changes which time and events have wrought within and without it. Here are the very rooms which were graced with the presence of a venerable ancestry of Venetian nobles, which had been the home of a Doge, the studio where some of Titian's best efforts were completed, and the final scene of his being. Long did I sit in the front room, in one of the old gilded chairs, gazing upon his Venus and Magdalene, but especially up at the weeping, yet lovely countenance of the latter, looming upon the air through the encrustment of three hundred years of time and neglect. I turned, too, frequently, to look upon the painting of his daughter in the embrace of a Satyr, and that member of the illustrious family who patronized his young genius, and whom he has so graphically depicted in his ducal cap. The old Turkey carpet beneath my feet, the ancient portraiture around me, the musty odour of the apartment, and the deep quiet which prevailed, forced me to feel that I was indeed in the palace of an old Venetian, and that this very room had echoed the voice and witnessed the anxious labours of one of the most admired of the old masters.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

I PROCEEDED to a scene of observation anticipated with feelings much more deep than had been aroused by other similar expectancies. I was about to enter an aged and peculiar fabric, around which some of the strongest associations of the place are clustered. In Rome there is great generality in the spontaneous interest with which we regard her antiquities. Here an individual action, and there a remarkable event, hallows the locality or the architectural fragment. One may have his favourite scene of history, or select from the scattered mass a single object; but the principle in human nature, which is the true spring of enjoyment in such observations—the principle of association is linked with the whole site of an ancient city's greatness and decline; and the Forum, Coliseum, Tombs, Pillars and works of art, while they realize more perfectly the local ideas of the observer, do not, for that reason, dis sever them from their general object—from Rome as a whole. But here, there is one comparatively small, and therefore intensely interesting point, where are concentrated the various historical associations, from the brightest to the most mournful; there is one

scene teeming with the dream-like memory of that peculiar government, and of those thrilling events, which render the very idea of Venice so richly attractive to the imagination and the heart.

And upon this spot I stood, amid these shadows forth of the past. The dark Gothic form of the Ducal Palace was before me, and I slowly entered the main portal, ascended the marble stairs, and was upon the very spot where the successive Doges of the republic were crowned, and where Marino Faliero was decapitated; before me the richly wrought marble gallery of the Senate, and at my right, the apertures to which the lions' heads were attached, into whose extended jaws so many fatal messages of destruction were dropped. I thought of the grave, richly robed forms of the Venetian Fathers; of the trembling hands and wandering glances of the anonymous accusers; of the gay peopling of those silent corridors on the day when the new Doge entered upon his office; of the happy, yet dignified bearing of the patriarchs themselves, when they were thus ushered into the highest station of the republic; of the sad sternness of the old war-stricken soldier, who died ignominiously where his fairest laurel was won; of his young and despairing wife, and of the outcry of the impatient multitude at the gate;—

Slave, do thine office!

Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would

Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as very curse,

Strike—and but once!—*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

A few moments elapsed, and I was within the Grand Council chamber, upon the immense walls of which are pictured, in tints which time has only mellowed, some of the most illustrious incidents in Venetian history. There they are, enclosed in heavy, rich gilding, as when the wise men of a free and victorious city looked to them for inspiration. Above are hung the portraits of the long line of Doges, exhibiting scarcely a face which does not bear marks of strong mind and venerable experience. Here, too, is the gloomy interruption to the singular corps—the black veil and its sad inscription—*hic est locus Marini Falieri decapitati per crimine*. I tarried successively in the chamber where were wont to convene the Senate, the Councils of the Ten and the Forty, and the reception-room for ambassadors, even the seats of which remained unviolated but by decay. In the second, while studying the paintings, a bat fluttered to and fro among the cornices—a fit living concomitant of such a scene. Here, too, the line of portraiture is again broken, not by any insignia of crime, but by that of abrupt cessation, the places prepared for succeeding Doges presenting but a void.

THE ARMINIAN CONVENT.

AN hour's gondola sailing brought me to St. Lazarus, a pretty island about two miles from Venice; and my application to view the very interesting convent there situated, was very politely received by one of the venerable and worthy brotherhood, Padre Piscal, who, in his dark robes and long gray beard looked like, what indeed he may justly be called, a moral apostle of learning. Under his kind and intelligent conduct I viewed this delightful institution; the lovely and tranquil situation of which, the neatness and order displayed in its interior arrangements, and the works of useful and happy influence going unassumingly on within its consecrated walls, attracted my earnest sympathy and respect. In the beautiful library I found books in all languages, and a fine bust of the founder of the institution, by Canova. At the table upon which this stood, my conductor had given lessons in Arminian to Lord Byron, who frequented the convent for that purpose, and assisted his teacher in preparing a grammar of the language. In a smaller library I was shown many interesting works printed in the con-

vent: among others, a prayer book in twenty-four languages, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Rollin's *Ancient History*, translated into Arminian by the learned padre. Having looked at the press below, and enjoyed the fine view from various parts of the building, I took my leave, eminently gratified with this visit to one of the seemingly truly admirable institutions extant. Its objects are primarily the instruction of Arminian youth, the general dissemination of knowledge, and the cultivation of literature in connexion with theology. Its members, strictly speaking, are Arminians, but education is afforded to others, through visits to the island. Brethren are continually sent forth; my good friend himself had been a considerable traveller, and I could readily believe his assertion, that in all his wanderings, he had found no spot like this.

THE LAST EXCURSION.

THE day was drawing to a close when I embarked for a final excursion, and, having reached the *lido*, passed a pleasant hour in promenading the Adriatic shore, with that beautiful expanse of water stretching beyond the limits of vision, and soothingly laving the sands at my feet. Upon returning, the sun was below the horizon, and the deep, pompous outline of the Tyrol rose commandingly in the distance; a rich glow suffused the face of the western sky, and the evening star gleamed peacefully. The still waters of the gulf reflected with beautiful distinctness the spires and adjoining buildings, and the few vessels in the port lay perfectly tranquil upon its bosom. At that hour, when the associations of Venice are so earnestly excited by its own quiet beauty, my old gondolier grew communicative. To-morrow, he said, was the anniversary of one of the most splendid festas of the republic. On that day, fifty years ago, the doge, senators, nobility and distinguished strangers embarked in the golden barge, and when arrived at the *lido*, the former dropped a ring into the sea,

and then the whole company repaired to a neighbouring church to celebrate a solemn function, after which a grand fete was partaken of at the palace, and innumerable comfits distributed upon the piazza; thus, yearly, were observed the nuptials of the Adriatic. He had been in the service of Byron three years and a half, and during that time, had daily, after dinner, transported the poet to the shore, where he rode along the sands for some hours; and often had he followed him with the gondola as he swam or floated for miles upon the calm surface of the bay. The little white house to which the curious repaired to see him mount his horse, and the convent which he daily frequented, were pointed out; and as an instance of his lordship's generosity, the bargeman bid us remember that when the printer whom he employed in Venice lost his establishment by fire, he privately sent him a hundred louis d'ors. As an evidence of the fallen fortunes even of the gondoliers, he declared that immediately prior to the downfall of the republic, he received forty francs per day from two *Signori Inglesi*, for fifteen days, beside a *buonamano* of a suit of clothes; while an eighth of that sum is the present stipend. I induced the old man to sing a stanza of Tasso, as I thus approached the city. The evening gun resounded, a band of music struck up, and silently contemplating the realization of my dreams of Venice, I touched the steps of the quay, and emerged from

that silent solemnity upon the illuminated and gaily occupied Piazza of St. Marco—to feel with him of whom I was just conversing, that

— Beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear.



THE FLORENTINE.

"Now for a tale illustrative,
That shall delight my passion for romance,
Embodying hints authentic of some theme,
Strange place, or curious people."

"I will relate
An incident that to my knowledge came
When sojourning abroad; interweaving it
With the attractive tissue-work of fancy."



THE FLORENTINE

CHAPTER I.

"Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine."

'LET us forth, Anina,' said Antonio to his betrothed, who was seated, in a pensive attitude, near the window, and feigning to watch the coming on of evening over the sky, though the tears which filled her eyes might have betrayed, to a nearer observer, that the object of her vision was meditative and within,—'Let us forth, and if the eve of parting cannot be joyous, our sadness will not be increased if

its hours be passed in rambling where we have been wont, at this very hour, to yield up our spirits, in glad unison, to the blest influences of nature. Let me once more renew the brightest associations of my being, in beholding, with the clear perception of expectant separation, the river's bank, whereon I vented, in sportive glee, the gay spirit of boyhood; the square where, with the music of the Pergola just dying on my ear, I have so often paused, in the still air of midnight, and fancied that the old statues moved in the gloom,—and the garden, ay, the garden-mount, whence we have gazed beyond the cypress grove and the river, and seen the sun go down behind the hills; in these scenes, which I am so soon to exchange for a strange country, let us linger away the moments, till the hour approaches which calls me from Florence and from thee!

They were soon threading the gaily-peopled walk of the Caccine, their desultory converse or silent musings being, ever and anon, interrupted by the passing salutation of numerous acquaintances. Occasionally, too, a friend, mindful of Antonio's approaching departure, would leave the party whose companionship was enlivening the evening promenade, accompany them for a space, and then, with a *buona sera*, uttered with more than usual tenderness, and that expressive though silent indication of delicate sympathy which distinguishes the natural language of the Tuscans, glide away from the

thoughtful pair. They experienced a sensation of relief when the shades of evening advanced, and the walk became more solitary. At that season, even the kindly words of friendship disturbed rather than solaced. The moonlight fell in soothing luxuriance upon the almost inaudible ripple of the Arno, as they approached one of the bridges which span its waters. There are memorable instances of *effect* produced by the combination and mutual influence of nature and art. One of the most beautiful imaginable now, familiar though it was, arrested the attention of Anina and her companion. The bridge of Santa Trinita, in the light which now revealed it, seemed suspended by the spell of fancy, rather than supported by deeply laid pillars and massive workmanship. So symmetrically and gracefully are hung its arches, that the idea of weight is banished from the mind of the spectator. Its aerial form, antiquated hue, and white escutcheons, about which the weeds of age are clustered, form an image that serves admirably to relieve the aspect of the heavier architecture around. They paused, and, leaning upon the parapet, Anina broke the silence which they had almost involuntarily suffered to prevail. 'I know not how it is, Antonio, but this spot seems singularly associated with the prominent shades of my destiny. Do you remember the story my old nurse tells? One evening she was conveying me home from the Porta Fedriano, where we had been to see the cavalcade of the Duke; we did not leave the house of Signor Andrea,

from the window of which we had seen the pageant, until the crowd had quite dispersed. Yet the Lung' Arno was quite thronged, and several gentlemen on horseback were reining in their steeds here upon the bridge, and endeavouring to make their way harmlessly through the throng; poor Bianca was hurrying on to avoid danger—when I persisted in stopping to drop a *crazia* into the old *poverino's* hat. Meantime the tumult increased; a carriage, in addition to the crowd, now blocked up the way; the horses became more restive, and volumes of sparks flashed from the polished flaps beneath their feet. Bianca, murmuring our old proverb, *uomini sopra cavalli, sepolti sono aperti*,* drew me from the expectant beggar and was hastily carrying me forward, when the carriage started, and the Count P's horse, notwithstanding the curb, sprang after it, and threw Bianca and her unruly burden upon the pavement. The Count instantly dismounted, and leaving his horse with a groom, hastened toward me. Bianca was more alarmed than injured, but I was taken up insensible. At this sight he seemed deeply distressed, and taking me in his arms, bore me directly to the *Caffé di Colonna*. The restoratives applied restored me; and, to the relief of the Count, I was soon on my way home, forgetting, in contem-

* 'When men are on horseback, the graves are opened'—alluding to the liability to accident incident to the smooth pavement of the city.

plating the comforts he had given me, the slight confusion which the accident had occasioned. You know the consequence of this event—how the kind-hearted man visited us the next day, and through his influence with the Duke, obtained for my brother the office which has since so comfortably supported us. Nor is this all, my Tonino; here, on this bridge, at such an hour——’

‘Were our vows first plighted!’—exclaimed Antonio; ‘and, O, Anina, let the memory of all we are to each other come over us anew, now that from this green spot of life we gaze over the desert of absence. Strange! alas, how strange; that necessity thus forces me forth from my home; and such a home! Before I knew thee, Anina, I knew not myself. The external, the exciting, the whirl of passion—this was what I called life. The fountains around me were perverted by the lips they would have refreshed. Nature!—her voice was lost. Music!—I loved only her most tragic inspiration; the pathos,—the soft, stealing melody which delights me now, then but irritated and inflamed. I was a wanderer in a wild scene, such as Salvator loved to depict; a light step aroused me—I looked up—and in the light of thine eye a new world opened;—the peaceful yet deep sense of joy which comes over the soul when pondering on one of the Madonnas of Raffaello, played around my heart, and threw the rosy quiet of a summer evening over the restless deep within. Wonder

not that I hasten from thee with forebodings—that I mourn that my day of peace is so soon to be superseded by one of lone travelling—for thou knowest my impetuous spirit must unfold itself. Thy memory, the hope of return, confidence in the love of such a heart—will such consolations ever fail or disappoint me?”

Anina had listened in the attitude and with the expression of one in whose mind a prevailing sentiment precluded the admission of minor emotions. She had lifted her gaze from the glittering element below as he proceeded; the constrained smile, and disposition to withdraw her own and his thoughts from dismal anticipations, which had pervaded her manner, at the commencement of the interview, now gave place to an expression indicative of high purpose. Her Tuscan hat shaded without obscuring her features, as she stood erect in the full light of the careering luminary. She was above the ordinary height of the women of her country, and her figure, when in repose, might have suggested to the experienced eye of a continental sojourner, the idea of a more northern extraction than she boasted. Her dress, too, with the exception of the hat, bore no distinctive indications whereby a stranger could have directly surmised that she claimed affinity with the denizens of the Etrurian Athens. But one glance at the countenance would have dispelled the illusion of the casual observer. The complexion, the hair,

and, above all, the peculiar depth and expressive fire of the eye, proclaimed Anina a legitimate daughter of Italy.

‘Antonio,’ she replied, ‘there is nothing but the thought of what we shall gain by this separation, that, with the blessing of the Virgin, enables me to think of it calmly. I feel that my presence has proved but a sad inspiration to your pencil; and when I remember what was prophesied of your genius, but a year since, I feel almost as if expiating a sin in resigning you to the full influence of absence from every thing which will enervate the energy, or distract the attention of your mind; *then* I feel it will pour itself forth in the exercise of your art; and who may predict the result? This—this must comfort me, when left to abide ceaseless opposition, while my Tonino is winning afar what will satisfy the views of others, though it cannot alter my own; there, if ever he gives a thought, amid his busy hours, to—to—’ and at the mere idea of her lover’s forgetfulness, she passed, Italian-like, from a high and womanly seeming, to the distrustful sadness of a child;—she abruptly paused, and the tears flowed freely. It was now for Antonio to rise to a higher strain of feeling; with the ardent gesture and impassioned utterance characteristic of his country, he soon unburthened his oppressed heart, and changed the mood of the listener. ‘And now, Anina,’—he continued, ‘let us move homeward. Forget not, twice every month, to place in the hands of our

faithful Ipolito, tidings of your welfare, which will steal like rays of sunlight across my solitary pathway;—nor shall the old man fail to bring thee tokens of the fidelity and experience of thy betrothed. Let us go.' They left the bridge; and the first glimmering of dawn found Antonio sitting, accoutred as a traveller, his passport beside him, his trunk at his feet, and himself inditing yet another *addio* to one who, at that moment, was looking tearfully from her casement, starting at the distant rumbling of a *vettura* rolling along the deserted streets, and as it died away, breathing a prayer for the safe return of her lover.

CHAPTER II.

'It cannot take away the grace of life,
The comeliness of look that virtue gives,
Her port erect with consciousness of truth,
Her rich attire of honourable deeds;—
It cannot lay its hand on these, no more
Than it can pluck its brightness from the sun,
Or, with polluted finger—tarnish it.'

FROM the little metropolis of Tuscany—the birth-place of Dante, Boccaccio, and Machiavelli, let us pass to an abiding-place of man less blessed by contiguity to the grand and beautiful in nature, and from among its multitudinous representatives of hu-

manity, seek out and note the few individuals with whom our story is connected. The first scene breathes not the air of the outer and common London world. It is a richly furnished chamber; the quiet that reigns, and every little arrangement, suggests, at once, that it is the chamber of sickness; but the abandoned couch and the attitudes of the occupants, assure us that the crisis of disease has passed, or is yet to come. Upon a rich arm-chair reclines one whose gray hair and slightly furrowed brow speak either of a long or laborious life—perhaps of both;—the compressed lip and unyielding manner in which the head accommodates itself to its comfortable support, bespeaks a pertinacity of will, a firmness of purpose, that even bodily weakness has failed to subjugate. At a light and exquisitely wrought table beside the convalescent—for such he is—sits one of those beings which, in certain moods, a meditative man would rather gaze upon than aught else in the wide world. Mary Ellmsley might not be called what is generally understood by the term beauty; she was too small in figure, too mild in manner, too thoughtful in expression, to win the admiration of fashion's votary, or attract the attention of the amateur observer of the world's inhabitants. And yet there was something in her very gentleness, something in her full blue eye, fair complexion, and light tresses, 'brown in the shadow and gold in the sun,' contrasted with the mourning habiliments in which she was clad, that

insensibly charmed. A lover of Wordsworth's poetry, a partaker of Wordsworth's spirit, would have felt spontaneously and irresistibly interested as he beheld her. At a slight movement of the sick man, indicating his revival from the half-sleeping state in which he had remained for some time, she arose, and stepping, fairy-like, about the room, seemed to busy herself in some little preparations for the invalid's comfort; but, now and then, she would steal an anxious glance toward him; and when she saw that his eye was following her motions, she abruptly returned to her seat, and again bent over the book upon which she had previously been intent. But her gaze was fixed, and it was plain her mind was busied inwardly; and the subject of her musing could not have been altogether pleasing, for her fingers mechanically thrummed upon the table, and twice she opened her lips to speak, and then, with an embarrassed and conscious air, checked herself. At length, in a decisive manner, she closed the volume and placed it away with some little care, and breathing a half-suppressed sigh, drew her chair nearer to the cheerful grate, and looked up to the face of the invalid.

‘You need not grieve, Mary, for the troubles of the heroine of that tale,’ said the old man; ‘you know, as a matter of course, all must turn out well at last.’

‘All is well with her now,’ she replied, ‘for the groundless suspicions of man cannot harm him who

is favoured of God, and so ought Micol to feel, and therein be comforted.'

'An odd name that for a heroine, Mary; but novelists must be sadly puzzled now-a-days, both for names and subjects.'

'The author of the volume I have been reading depended little upon such externals. His whole mind is given to developing his characters and plot, and polishing the language in which both are portrayed; at least so Mr.—I mean so I believe;—for, in truth, I have not read enough yet to understand perfectly.'

'Pray, what is this wonderful book? I thought you were in the midst of the new novel Lady Emily sent this morning.'

'I was trying to read something I began some time ago, father, but which I was prevented from going on with by circumstances—by your unexpected illness, I should say; but I can't get along with it now; I could not well understand it, and perhaps if I did, I could not have read——'

'What could'nt you understand, child; what was you *trying* to read?'

'Alfieri's Saul, father.'

'If you had comprehended it, why could you not read?'

'My tears blinded me, father.'

'I really begin to believe, Mary, that I have been to blame in allowing you to share so long my confinement; you need the fresh air, child. What with

our late affliction (and here the old gentleman brushed away a tear) and the dull duty of attending on a sick old man's humours, you are scarcely yourself, girl,—crying over a story you do not understand!—Nonsense——'

'O, father, you mistake; it was'nt the story that made me weep; but I read on a little way, and came to a difficult part, and then I—I thought——'

'The meaning would come by your crying?'

'No, father, I thought who would tell me all about it, and thinking of that made me weep.'

'Worse and worse; who do you mean? who would explain?'

'Mr.'—and she looked fearfully up, 'Mr. Lino, father.'

The pale cheek of the convalescent was now sallow; his features worked impatiently, and he sat erect. 'Did I not forbid you to breathe the name of that accursed man?' he fiercely exclaimed. 'How can you speak of him without a shudder, when you remember the peril into which his villanous arts brought me? Have you no feeling for your own kin? Can you look upon me, but just escaped from a violent and awful death, and not *feel*?'

'Father, he may be innocent,' Mary sobbed out.

'*May be innocent?* You saw the cunning smile with which he proffered the treacherous gift; you heard the Professor declare that he had detected poison; you witnessed the convulsions, the death-like stupor——'

‘Oh, speak not of them, my father! But had we not better ask him about it? I am sure he knew not——’

‘Mary,’ he continued more calmly, ‘you are but a child; I will once more explain, for your satisfaction, the reasons of my conduct, and then I shall expect you, as a reasonable girl, to cease henceforth and forever, to allude to a subject which, in your father’s mind, is associated with the most painful remembrances. I received Mr. Lino as your teacher, with no recommendation but the impression made upon me by his appearance. In this I was indeed to blame; but my interest was highly excited; I thought I befriended a noble spirit—an exile from a depressed yet glorious country. I received the Tuscan wines, not wishing to refuse what was offered as a token of friendship. Happily in my own person I first experienced the workings of the insidious poison, and prompt medical aid has availed where it well might have despaired. And I live—live to punish a villain—live to make an example of one of the thousand specious renegades from the continent, who insinuate themselves into the homes of Englishmen, to abuse their hospitality, to overreach, ay, and to work their ruin!’

‘What possible motive could have induced even the thought of such an act?’

‘Do you suppose I shall tax my imagination to discover the motives of a treacherous Italian?’ I leave all such labour to the law. Let it have its

course. I have done my duty to myself and my country.'

'But not to the exile, father!—Do but see him; perhaps he can explain.'

'I am not equal to a visit to the Old Bailey, to-night, Mary.'

His gentle auditor started back, and burst into tears; she knew not of the arrest. But soon recovering, she lifted up her face to that of her parent, who beheld, with surprise, an expression of dignified and wounded feeling, such as he had never witnessed before.

'Father! my mother used often to speak to me of one who in the agony of a cruel death, said prayerfully of his enemies, "*they know not what they do*"—and she bade me thus ever feel toward whomsoever I should deem wrongful or unkind. Father, forgive me!—*you* know not what you do. I feel that the stranger is not guilty of the awful crime with which he is charged. It cannot be,—the impression you first received is true; he is a nobleman in soul. Oh, suffer not such a spirit to be wounded. But I fear not for him, for he has told me that all great minds are renewed by trial, and gather strength from persecution. He has told me of a philosopher of his country who was shut up in a dungeon because he declared that the earth went round the sun; and about a poet whom they called mad, and imprisoned away from the fields and bright sunlight which he loved, and then he became

mad indeed. I weep not for him, father; but in the pleasant home of his youth, there is one who will shed grievous tears, when the dismal tidings arrive; I mourn for her. Father! forget your anger, and to know that he whom thou falsely deemest thine enemy is free, his reputation unsullied, and his betrothed unstricken, will prove to thee more reviving than the bitter cup of revenge. Father! forgive me. Vain, I see, are the words of your Mary. May God protect the Italian, for he is guiltless!

A week subsequent to the conversation we have related, toward the close of day, a young man sat with folded arms and a rivetted gaze, in an apartment which, in the twilight that then revealed it, presented an aspect of stern solidity, yet not devoid of comfort. An easel rested against the wall; a pallet, with some painting utensils, lay confusedly upon the floor, and a few books were scattered upon a small table. 'Yes, Anina spake well and truly'—soliloquized the occupant.—'I did need separation. I did require a pressure from without, or a void around me to quicken the impulses within. I have lamented this catastrophe, I have bitterly scorned this disgrace, long enough. And now I will wrench sublime consolation from the very gloom of misfortune. I have done all that can be done. Ere this, Ipolito must have received my letter; true, he

knows not that I am an incarcerated man;—but he knows the suspicions under which I am placed; he will obtain the needful testimonials; he will keep the circumstance from Anina; the trial will at length come on—I shall be, I must be, triumphantly acquitted, and none will recognize in my English appellation the name of Antonio. And, meantime, I have succeeded in effecting my purpose (and he looked complacently upon the materials of his art)—here is light, and something of quiet. O that the vision of yesternight would return! I must transfix it—I must embody the idea. Yes, ere long the face of my beloved shall beam upon me, even in this prison. I feel that I shall succeed. They have taken my liberty—but the mind is free! O for the morning light! I yearn for day. Let me reflect. A beautiful nun listening to the Miserere,—the attitude that of a suppliant, the eye tearful, ay, but enraptured by the melody, and raised in devotion, like Raphael's St. Cecilia; the expression with a shade of sadness—but impassioned—exalted; and the model—ah! the model shall be Anina!

CHAPTER III.

‘Still o’er them floated an inspiring breath—
The odour and the atmosphere of song.’

THE rays of sunlight fell obliquely upon the Lung 'Arno, where a goodly concourse were moving to and fro, or conversing in stationary groups. It was evidently one of those days when the Italian yields himself, with especial freedom, to the '*dolce far niente*.' Nodding and smiling, with a *buona festa* for as many of the gay throng as glanced at her playful demeanour, the flower-girl distributed her violets embedded in leaves of geranium; the blind man touched his guitar, while an urchin beside him accompanied the monotonous strains with the constant invocation '*durtemi qualchecosa*,' and the licensed pauper rattled his tin cup, and implored the lightsome beings who glided by—'*per amore di Dio*'—to give of their substance. The equipage of the Grand Duke passed rapidly from the palace toward the Cacine; but the Grand Duke himself preferred a promenade to a ride with the ladies of his household, as one might learn from the universal and respectful recognition manifested by the crowd of pedestrians toward the gentleman in a brown coat, so plainly fashioned, that it would infallibly obtain for him the cognomen of Quaker, in certain localities far beyond the limits of his own little duchy.

Two disputants, beginning to perceive that their war of words was becoming too obstreperous for the scene and occasion, hastily emerged from the crowd, into an open and comparatively vacant square, in order to renew their colloquy at ease. Thither we will follow.

‘Mark me, Carlo, I speak of the action, the expression, the performance throughout, and I speak of Ronzi when she is herself.’

‘And *then* you will persist, Luigi, in maintaining that Malibran is surpassed in the Norma?’

‘That will I, *caro mio*, against whoever will gainsay it.’

‘Thou hast then undertaken to oppose thy single judgment to the universal sentiment. Hast heard of Garcia’s adventure at Arezzo?’

‘And was not I one of the torch-bearing multitude that attended *cara* Ronzi home from the Pergola? But to the point, *amico mio*; didst thou not perceive, last night, in her speaking countenance, every minute shade of varying expression? Did not her commanding figure, dignified air, eloquent eyes, and, above all, her mellifluous voice, bring home to thee most touchingly the passionate ideas involved in the Norma?’

‘I tell thee, Luigi, that Italy has settled the question; thou art dreaming of Ronzi as she was. Malibran is in her prime, and Europe has awarded her the palm.’

‘There are those in Florence, Carlo, without the

precincts of thy wine-shop, who would contend with thee on that point.'

'Not one, save thyself, Luigi.'

'*Santissima Virgine!* there was but one voice in the parterre, on the first representation.'

'Ah, *poverino!* thy wits are unsettled by music; thus thou speakest of each *prima donna* in turn; she is always better than all who preceded. But *caro*, thou shalt not make all Firenze share thy perversity. Nay, have patience; thou shalt be convinced. If the first passer-by who hath seen the *Norma*, as performed by both, doth not agree with me, then Carlo Pisani will do thy bidding, so that it be not to displease a customer, nor to break law.'

'I am content.'

'Here is a grave and stately cavalier;—ah, he would light his cigar.' 'Ecco Signor,' said Carlo, approaching the stranger, and proffering his flint;—'Signor, can'st say if there will be any necessity for entering the *parterre* an hour before the time, to-night?'

'Is not the *Norma* inimitably executed?' said Luigi.

'I have so seen it.'

'And by *La Malibran*?' inquired Carlo.

'By her superior in that character, at least,' was the reply.

'Bravo!' exclaimed Luigi. 'There, Carlo,' he added triumphantly, 'you see *De Begnis* has one more votary.'

‘That one is not me,’ said the cavalier.

It was now Luigi’s turn to feel disappointed. ‘Prithee, Signor,’ he continued, ‘who dost thou think is inimitable in the Norma?’

‘Signora Pasta.’

‘Excuse me, you are a—’

‘Milanese,’ replied the stately gentleman, as he walked away, complacently exhaling the fragrant smoke.

The smile and the shrug of the amused friends were scarcely enacted with true Italian expressiveness, when their attention was directed to the advancing figure of a primly attired old man. Luigi recognized him as an acquaintance from Prato, and after they had interchanged a greeting, asked if he had visited the city to attend the Opera. ‘Not altogether,’ he answered. Carlo felt again encouraged. ‘Doubtless,’ continued Luigi, ‘you think our *prima donna* cannot be sufficiently admired?’

‘I ne’er knew but one of whom I could thus speak,’ said the old gentleman, ‘and she is yonder.’

‘At rehearsal?’ asked Luigi, hopefully.

‘Does Catalani rehearse for her private entertainments? I had thought that, in her villa in the environs, music was wholly a pastime.’

‘*C’e caduto il formaggio su macaroni*’* said

* ‘The cheese has fallen on the macaroni,’ i. e. a desirable coincidence has occurred. When we consider in what esteem this article of food is held by the Italians, and how indispensable is deemed the addition of grated cheese, the force of the proverb is obvious.

Carlo, pointing to the opposite street. 'Here comes Signor Bartolomeo, who, thou well knowest, is uninfluenced by local prejudice, and not so old as to sympathize only in retired opera-performers; for thy comfort, too, know, Luigi, that he is a connoisseur in dramatic as well as in musical efforts.'

'And thou art not aware of his opinion of Ronzi?'

'Only generally, and not in the Norma.'

'Pardon, Signor,' said Luigi, as he took the hand of the new comer, 'tell me how you are pleased with Bellini's new opera and its present representation.'

'It is a glorious thing, and who can do it greater justice than the still beautiful—'

'Malibran Garcia, interrupted Carlo.

'Ronzi de Begnis,' exclaimed Bartolomeo.

'Name thy requirement,' said Carlo, looking impatiently at Luigi.

'To-morrow,' said his friend, smilingly; 'I must consider; but fear not. I shall not be very severe; and, for the present, *addio*.'

Ascending one of the neighbouring elevations, whence is obtainable an extensive view embracing the thickly clustered dwellings of Florence, her mammoth Duomo, and the adjoining and encircling Apennine, Luigi came upon a quiet road walled on one side and overlooking, on the other, a broad valley covered with olive trees, and containing several villas and small dwellings. Here, during most of the day, the sun exerts its full influence, and the walled hill-side shields the solitary road from the

wind; and here, in view of the soothing landscape, an elderly and somewhat portly man, with a countenance bland in its aspect, though slightly shaded with seriousness, was enjoying a retired promenade. He was so intently occupied with his own thoughts, as not to be aware of Luigi's presence until the latter had audibly saluted him.

'One would think, Signor Ipolito, that thou wert not the guardian of Firenze's fairest daughter, judging from thy sober visage and unwontedly lonely walk.'

'And it may be, Luigi mio, that what thou deemest a consoling office (and God knows it hath been) can become the occasion of anxious musings.'

'Has aught inauspicious, *caro*, happened to thy charge? Ne'er have I seen a more beauteous and joyful face than was hers, when last I saw her in the arbour-walks of the Boboli.'

'The poor child is harassed, Luigi, by one who should prize her peace beyond the vagaries of prideful hope.'

'Ah! I understand you. The old lady still opposes the addresses of Antonio. *Corpo di Bacco!* she may wait till too late, to realize her fond project of uniting Anina to one of noble birth. True, she sacrificed her own wealth and nobility to the good Francisco that's gone; but 'tis scarcely fair to force poor Anina to regain them with the sacrifice of her affections.'

'It is the mother's inconsistency that provokes

me. High birth has been her *sine qua non* when the name of Anina was mentioned in connection with matrimony. And the lack of this has been the only fault she could find with Antonio; for a kindlier and more gifted *giovenotto* is not to be found in Florence. Yet at our last *conversazione*, when all the company were talking of the artist with whose fame London is ringing, the Marchioness, glad of an opportunity to depreciate Antonio, said to me, "Signor Ipolito, thou hast often told me that Anina's absent admirer possessed nobility of soul and of intellect, if not of birth; why could not he manage to get imprisoned and astonish the world with his painting, as well as this unknown Florentine, if he indeed be one?"

'Were it so, Signora mia, I replied, thou wouldst not think better of him, for he would still be a plebeian.

"I tell thee," exclaimed she, energetically, "Anina should marry him."

"Why, mother," said Anina timidly, "the artist would still be Antonio—a mere native of Florence. Tell me in what differs Carmilini, in this respect, from the famed artist who is even known only as a Florentine?"

"As THE Florentine, you mean," returned the Signora, with emphasis. And therein, Luigi, did she find an attraction equal even to her much-loved family greatness. Oh, it is a mere vain ambition that divides Antonio and Anina. Ere long, the *Miseri-*

cordia must take away their old brother, and I could die more peacefully, was Anina under the conjugal protection of such a man as Antonio. I did trust that this day month, when she will attend her cousin Beatrice to the altar, would see them also united. Would that parental opposition were the sole trouble, or that she had a more powerful friend than old Ipolito!

‘And would that the friendship I bear thee entitled me to share thy perplexities.’

‘Luigi, thou shalt know all, though it is vain to expect a secret kept in Florence. Yet thou can’st surely restrain thy tongue when the happiness of such an one as Anina is involved.’

‘Trust me,—per St. Giovanni——’

‘*Bene.* Know, then, that Antonio had a goodly quantity of our Florence wines sent to London; for (would you believe it?) they tell me a flask of Aleatico costs two or three *francisconi* there;—and Tonino rightly fancied such a luxury would furnish an acceptable gift to his English friends. The first he presented nearly destroyed a nobleman; suspicion was excited; the wines were examined, and found to contain poison. For a long time I have been sifting the matter secretly, for Tonino charges me to be circumspect lest Anina learns his peril; and makes as light as possible of the danger by which he is surrounded. Carlo Pisani acknowledges he bought the flasks of an apothecary, and that his people transferred the wine, by mistake, before they were

cleansed, and several of them contained the sediment of baneful drugs. Thus the circumstance is explained; but Carlo will not be persuaded to furnish an affidavit to the facts which will alone avail, until Antonio's safety absolutely demands it, and such he is not convinced is the case now; he says such a declaration from him will ruin his business, and he knows I am too fearful of the affair being known, to appeal to the Police. Thus I have been kept at bay, and I know not what course to adopt. One of the two evils must be chosen. And each is inimical either to the wishes or the safety of Antonio.'

The countenance of Luigi brightened. 'Thou hast told thy dilemma,' said he, 'to one able to extricate thee. Ere the post leaves to-morrow, thou shalt have the affidavit.'

'Think not to persuade Carlo; what means have you more than I? Explain.'

'*Pazienza* ! He is under a promise. Dine with me to-morrow at Marché's, and you shall be informed more fully. Trust me wholly. Hast aught else to say?'

'Naught, save to thank heaven and thee.'

CHAPTER IV.

'Julia.—How can't thou hither, tell me?

*'Romeo.—By love who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.'*

A GROUP, consisting chiefly of females, in whose attire white was the predominant colour, stood in cheerful converse upon the broadly-paved esplanade before the church of Santa Croce. The morning was not far advanced, yet so warmly did the sun beat upon the marble pavement, that the long snowy veils in which two of the party were arrayed, were put aside, and the breeze from the mountains played sportively among the dark ringlets of Beatrice, and over the more pensive countenance of her cousin. The arrival of an additional pair seemed a signal for their commune to cease; and joining hands, the several couples stood in order, each bearing a wreath of flowers; and when a lad, in the habit of the church, raised on high the heavy curtain which hung before the entrance, and the little band reverently entered. It was evidently a marriage procession. As they walked silently up the long avenue, the light tread of the fair train echoed softly in

the pauses of the chant, and one might have fancied, as he gazed from a distance, through the shadowy expanse, that a company of spirits were passing from their resting-place beneath, forth to some earthly ministration. Nor were the objects around unfavourable to the indulgence of such an idea. The majestic figure of Dante leaning over from above the tomb prepared in vain to receive his dust, with his stern expression of dignified grief, the marble personification of Italy standing in the attitude of a mourner above the sepulchre of her great tragedian; the dense entablatures, the heavy architecture, breathed, in the dim light, a mystic solemnity. But all these were still, and cold, and senseless; while the bright eyes, the moving lips, the fresh and fragrant roses of the bridal party, spake of life, of life in its conscious beauty and promise. And when the gentle forms encircled, with a statue-like quietude, the railing of the altar, the tremulous accents in which the responses were uttered, the low quick breathings, the glistening tears—these spoke, indeed, of the spiritual, but of the spiritual while yet environed with the attributes of humanity.

A slight bustle denoted that the ceremony was concluded; yet was there no sign of immediate separation. The officiating priest was soon engaged in a discourse with Beatrice, which appeared to rivet the attention of the group. The old man had been her confessor from infancy, and with a truly paternal interest, he was speaking of her duties and

destiny. Anina felt herself gently drawn aside, and obeying the signal of Ipolito, she followed him to the opposite side of the church. Soon after, the attention of the party was aroused by a faint cry, but whether of surprise or fear, was not clearly indicated, and, for a moment, their eyes were directed to the point whence it seemed to proceed; but there being no repetition, and the words of the priest becoming more and more interesting, they were soon absorbed again. Advancing footsteps now aroused them, not the measured and scarcely audible tread with which they had approached the altar, but the firm, quick steps of confidence and expectancy. Anina appeared, led on by a manly and graceful cavalier, whom all present immediately recognized as Antonio. Returning their eager inquiries and salutations only with a smile and a nod, he immediately addressed the now silent priest: 'Father, if thou art not weary, a new bridal service awaiteth thee, after which thy blessing and exhortation may be doubly bestowed.' Astonishment was in every face, yet the manner of Antonio proved singularly effective, and all yielded to its influence, none without surprise, yet all with alacrity; and when the *campanile* announced that the sun had reached his meridian, Antonio was the reigning star of a gay assemblage in the house of the Marchioness, and Anina was his bride. At a moment when her guests were all occupied, she stole away, and entered her mother's apartment.

‘Mother, I knew not that Antonio could boast relationship with a Count, still less that he had inherited his title.’

‘Nor I, Anina. You do not mean ——’

‘Nay, I would question thee, mother.’

‘It is a vain question, my daughter, you know it admits but one answer,’ and the old lady sighed.

‘And yet the untitled Antonio is my husband; and, unless Ipolito reversed his message with thine approval,——’

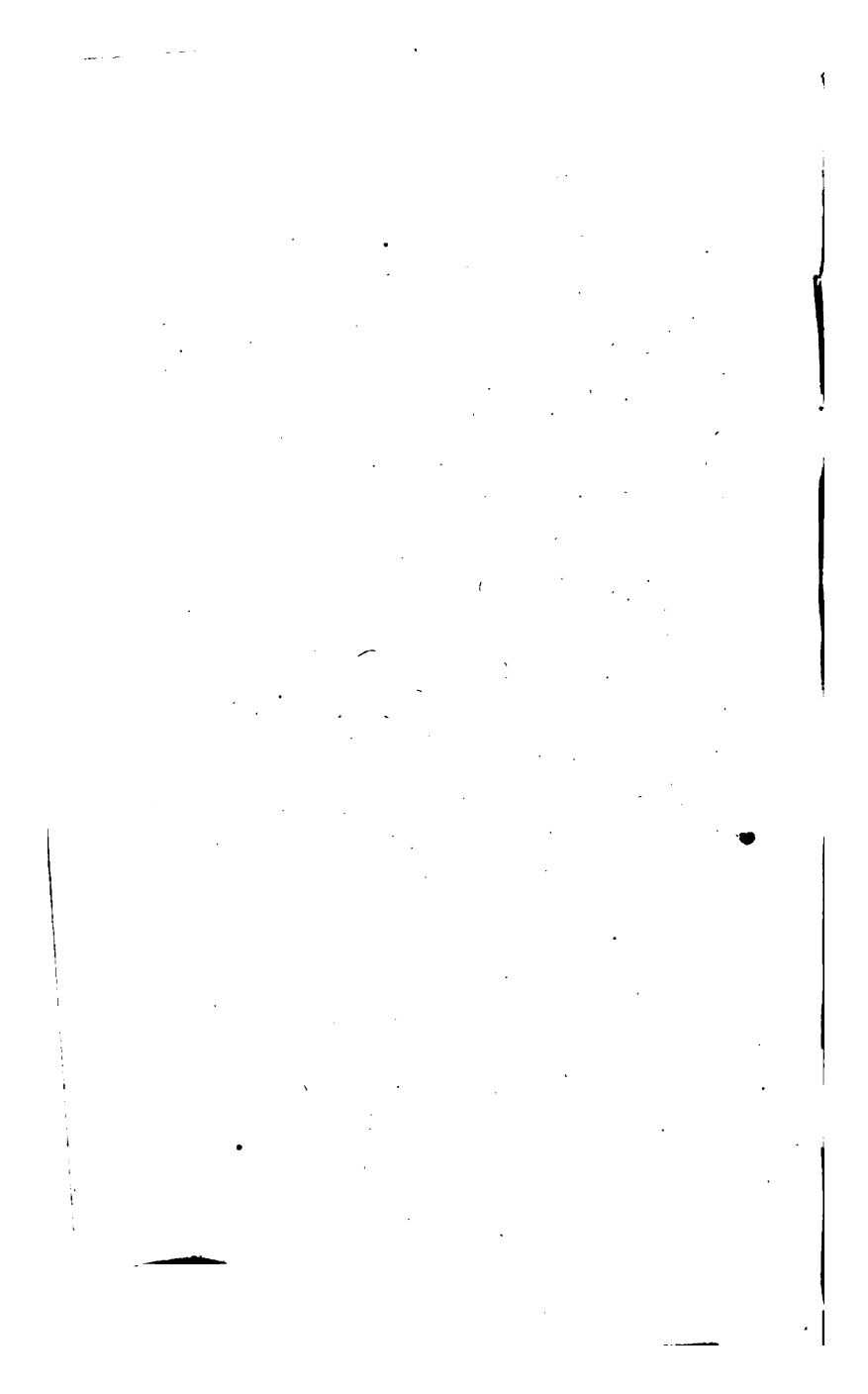
‘Anina, thou knowest what renders renowned the much talked of picture called the “Miserere,” purchased at *such* a price by Lord Ellmsley.

‘They say it is the face of the nun.’

‘Anina, they say, too, that face resembles thine,’ and the mother embraced her child, and then gazed meaningly upon her.

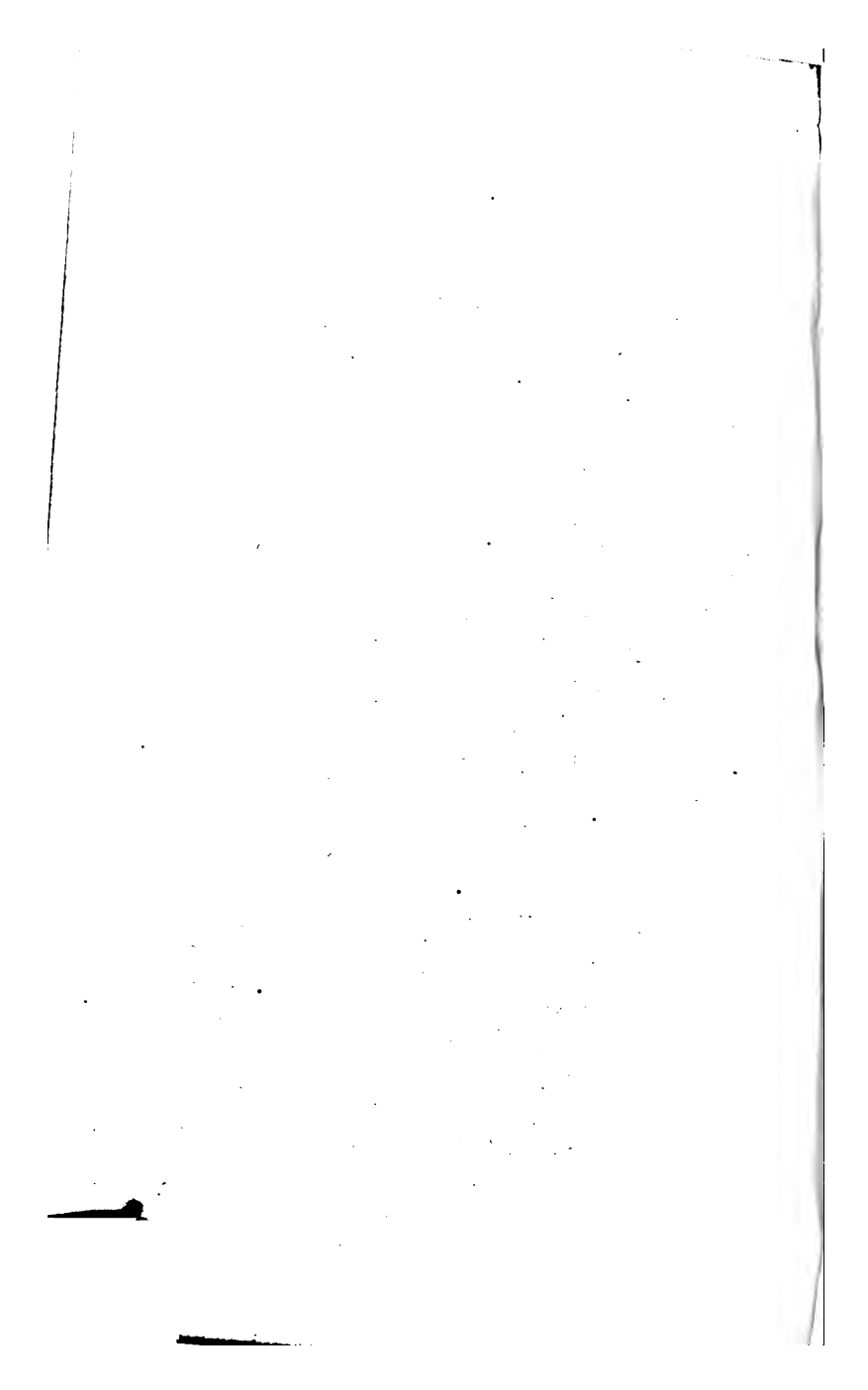
A glow of delight thrilled to the heart of Anina. ‘I see it all,’ she exclaimed. ‘Antonio Camilini, *my* Antonio, is THE FLORENTINE!’

●



MISCELLANY.

“Gentle or rude,
No scene of life but has contributed
Much to remember;—
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among
The things most precious; and the day it came,
Is noted as a white day in our lives.”



MISCELLANY.

ITALIAN JOURNEYING.

——“If in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his; if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore the sandal shoon and scallop shell.”

ALTHOUGH called by the veturino, on a January morning, at about half past two, I had cause, as usual, to regret my ready attention to his summons, for it was nearly six when I was actually moving on in the cabriolet of the carriage by the side of my *compagnon de voyage*. The thin scattered clouds which dimmed the sky of early day gathered more darkly, as we proceeded, so that all means of avoid-

ing direct contact with the rain were soon put in requisition. It was no small disappointment to me, when arrived at our first stopping-place, Albano, to find myself shivering at the scanty fire of the inn-kitchen, instead of roaming over the hill and about the lake which give so much celebrity to this village. One of the passengers, more hale, though I ween not more zealous than myself, made a hurried visit to the spot, and returned quite wet to complain of the littleness of the sheet of water dignified with the title of lake. When we again set out, the rain was pouring in torrents, and the utter gloominess of the scenery, and comparatively comfortless state of our feelings, made the slow riding of the few remaining hours of light, uninteresting, to say the least. How the miserable dinner, cold quarters, and dreary aspect of our night's shelter were gone through with, every old traveller can imagine. Each bore the several privations according to his humour, though the chief consolation seemed to be derived from the idea of home-comfort which the contrast suggested.

A seemingly long, and equally dark ride brought us the ensuing morning to the borders of the Pontine Marshes, renowned for the antiquated attempt to drain them, and some circumstances of ancient history in connexion with which they are mentioned. The quality which has rendered them somewhat formidable in modern times—their pestiferous exhalations, was imperceptible, either from

our confined situation, or the peculiar state of the atmosphere. We ran with great rapidity over the fine road which crosses them, extending twenty-four miles, and reached the Terracina Hotel, just as a little interval of temporary sunshine occurred. From a back window of this castle-like building, I could gaze out upon the wide waters of the Mediterranean, as they came rolling splendidly onward in high waves, which were spurned backward by the jutting rocks, or lost themselves moaningly upon the sands. This most sublime object in nature I viewed with something of the delight with which we unexpectedly encounter an old friend, as well as with much of the imaginative satisfaction it must ever inspire.

The bright waters of a sea like this! They brought to mind the fearful acts they had consummated, the awful wrecks made by their treacherous workings, the scenes enacted on their shores, the men by whose writings they have been hallowed. But they suggested yet more tender and awakening associations. It was by such a medium that I passed with a dream-like rapidity from the new to the old world; from influences more deeply operative than art's most perfect witchery; from my home to a strange land. Were these waters as living messengers, could one breath of my most native sentiment, one gush of my heart's best feelings enter and roll on within a wave, seemingly pure enough to embody something spiritual, until it was poured upon my

native shore—how eloquent would it be of gratitude and greeting!

We soon crossed the pass formed by the sea on the one side, and high hills on the other, where Maximius posted his troops to resist the onward march of Hannibal. This pass, like all of nature's strong holds, is apparently invulnerable when in any wise fortified, and in the season of flowers and verdure, must present a very beautiful appearance. We next reached Fondi, in which beggarly village we were long detained for the examination of our baggage. I regretted that night prevented my having a glimpse of the building, supposed to be the tomb of Cicero, erected on the spot where he met so undeserved a fate. Our night at Mola was somewhat better than the previous one, and yet sufficiently dull. The moaning of the sea beneath the windows and the splashing of the rain made most unpromising music, while the cold stone floors and scanty accommodations did not much counteract its influence. The most cheering object which met our eyes the next morning, after several miles' ride, was the sun, who succeeded this time in pushing his fiery course through the cloudy crowd which surrounded, as a troop of pressing retainers, his imperial out-going. Some very antique-looking aqueducts, and an admirable new bridge which crosses the Garigliano, (anciently the Liris,) next occupied our notice. The noon rest was at the miserable village of modern Capua, the inn and

aspect of which, we concluded, were the worst we had yet seen. The remainder of our ride lay over a very dirty though level road. It was surprising to observe that a highway so near a great city was no more travelled or better kept than this appeared to be. Night fell sometime before we reached Naples, and we observed a fire, apparently burning in a narrow and long streak upon a hill side, which seen thus, through a misty atmosphere and a long vista of trees, was quite remarkable. It was the distant looming of Vesuvius!

It was long before day-break, and during damp and cloudy weather, that we entered the old coach which was to convey us to Rome. A young Dominican monk, with his white habiliments, within, and two German youths, without, completed the party, and we moved tardily along, after our passports had been inspected at the gate. The air and aspect, during the long day, continued to wear a November cast, and a lonely and cold ride at night, contributed to render our journey, at its outset, one of those dismal experiences, so often described in the traveller's tale. The following day proved much clearer and colder, and toward its close, our interest became excited by coming in view of the ground where Hannibal obtained his signal victory over Flaminus. The very tower to which the conqueror's horse was tied, is still pointed out. The site of this battle-ground, at the end of the lake of Trasimenus,

seemed, beneath the dim light of a gloomy sky, quite extensive enough, and sufficiently environed with elevations, to afford ample scope for the manœuvring and action of ancient warfare; and its present solitary aspect must present a wonderful contrast to the energy and effects once developed there. Beside that lake, in a grim old inn, we rested till dawn, and found the first stage of our early ride exceedingly uncomfortable, from the cold.

It was about noon when we reached Perugia, and after a slight repast, commenced peregrinating the old town. I was amused to observe that the inhabitants, even the meanest clad, wore their cloaks somewhat after the Roman fashion, having the right skirt thrown over the left shoulder. In the church of St. Dominic, we found the large window of stained glass, behind the altar, quite splendid, and from its striking position and size, by far the most beautiful ornament in the building. Hastening to the church of St. Peter, we were impressed with its admirable locality, being placed upon an elevation without the immediate circle of houses, commanding from behind a very extensive prospect, and having in front an ample esplanade. The pictures it contains are very interesting, not so much from actual power, as on account of their authors. There are several of Perugini, the master of Raphael, his own master, and a few of Raphael's, which are obviously first efforts. These evince that gradual but distinct improvement in style and execution, by which every

art and effort of humanity is carried toward perfection. Scarcely a square foot of wall is there in this church which is not adorned with frescoes; and the whole building, with its contents, is a pleasing little antiquity.

On our way from this town we left the coach to inspect another church by the road-side, which was undergoing repairs, called the *Madonna degli Angeli*. Here, scattered upon the cold pavement, were some Franciscans, in their coarse habits of brown stuff, looking more miserable in their ignorant dejection than any of the Catholic priesthood we had fallen in with. Evening found us at Foligno, where we saw little to interest us, except the feats of some children who were leaping in a shed, much to the amusement of a vulgar audience, and a view of the innumerable props by which many of the older houses, shattered by a recent earthquake, seemed to be mainly sustained.

The next morning we paused upon the post-road, soon after recommencing our journey, to observe the temple of Clitumnus, now a chapel, rendered worthy of notice from its antiquity. At Spoleto, our noon resting-place, we were not—strange to tell—charged for attention to our passports. This was the first town which appeared to me possessed of the genuine characteristics of ancient interest. A time-worn and quiet aspect was here immediately observable. Passing through Hannibal's gate, so called from an inscription thereon, setting forth the successful

defence made by the ancient inhabitants against his attacks, we came in view of a grand aqueduct, supported by long and remarkably narrow arches, and quite massive in execution. The scenery immediately contiguous is the finest of its class in the route; the grand slope of the hill, and the vivid verdure of the evergreen pine being very refreshing to the eye. Indeed, the appearance of the country grew far more picturesque about this period, the range of the Apennines becoming more lofty and variegated.

At Terni, which we reached in the afternoon, we found a guide, and made exertions to reach the celebrated cascade in the vicinity, before sunset. The hilly path was ascended by means of donkeys, which we procured at its base. Embosomed in high and verdant hills, over the brow of one of which it descends, is the fall. It pours nobly down, being of a milky whiteness, and moving with a grace and music such as alone is evinced by these beautiful phenomena in nature. There, its white form of beauty amid a spacious and green amphitheatre, and crowned with silvery mist, falls ever the glorious cascade. As a vision too sweet long to linger, it has passed from before me; but its memory is indelible, more pleasing to recall than even the monuments of ancient art or the peculiarities of olden time.

Our stop the succeeding day was at the mean village called Otriculum, without whose southern wall we tarried some time, looking upon the adjacent

country, and especially upon a narrow and greenish, but beautifully meandering stream, trying to realize that it was, in truth, the Tiber. We found, too, an old castle, to beguile the time, until overtaken by our carriage, which soon brought us to Civita Castellana. On entering this town we dismounted, and lingered to admire a very deep and umbrageous defile which is spanned by the bridge. We noticed, as somewhat remarkable, that the cathedral here, which is partly composed of an ancient temple, has mosaic work upon its outer front. A fine castle, which probably gives the town its name, is the only other obvious object of interest.

This journey, commenced on the third of November, and concluded on the evening of the eighth, would have been somewhat tedious, but for social intercourse, and a few attendant subjects of reflection. The almost total want of comfort at the miserable inns, is indeed no small drawback; but my chief disappointment resulted from the want of beauty and interest in the appearance of nature. The only fine tree which met our view was the small olive of the country. Far more glorious are the variegated hues of autumn in America, than the monotonous colouring which here blends so much of the vegetative aspect. Throughout the ride, it frequently required effort to realize where we were; and only when within an old church, or in sight of an antiquated town, or once or twice at early morning, between two remarkably fine Apennine hills, did we

feel what one would deem the legitimate influences of Italy.

Silently, and almost sadly, did I travel onward from the Tuscan dominions towards new scenes. We soon came upon the Apennine range, and thenceforward were continually ascending and descending. A dull, warm atmosphere constantly prevailed, with occasional rain. The aspect of nature was consonant with my feelings. The vapour wreathed itself around the summits, and floated far down among the long defiles which were ever before us. In the evening we reached Bologna. Its arched sidewalks give to the streets a very gloomy appearance; and this impression was enhanced by the number of soldiery—the minions of Austria, everywhere visible. We visited the churches and public promenade; attentively regarded the statue of Neptune, by Giovanni di Bologna, in the principal piazza, and the leaning tower. We also made an excursion of three miles into the environs, and viewed the immense line of arches, extending thence to the city. The *Campo Santo* occupied us some time; and although some of the monumental decorations are interesting, and the great scale of the establishment striking, yet there is little to create that impression which is perhaps the only really excellent result of such institutions.

At the Academy of Fine Arts I found a higher satisfaction, and dwelt long upon the Madonna, Elizabeth, and the Infant Jesus, in the act of bless-

ing Saint John, the Madonna della Pieta, and the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido Reni; St. Cecilia listening to a Choir of Angels, and surrounded by St. Paul, St. John, St. Augustine, and the Magdalene, particularly interested me, as being one of Raphael's, and in his last style. An expression of fervid enjoyment is singularly obvious in the beaming countenance of St. Cecilia. Many pictures also, by Francia, drew my attention, he being the contemporary of Raphael, and remarkably developing his style. There is, too, a fine work of art by Domenichino—the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. Upon departing for Ferrara, we were almost at once upon the plains of Lombardy, and our remaining journey formed a striking contrast with its preceding portions. The poplar, peculiar to the country, bordered the road, but in form it is not comparable with what I had seen at home; the mulberry, too, prevailed, and, as we learned, was cultivated wholly on account of the silk manufacture to which it ministers;—an extensive affair here. The solitude was striking, nor was it diminished essentially when, shortly before sunset, we reached Ferrara, the principal thoroughfare of which city alone seemed well inhabited; many broad streets presenting a perfectly destitute appearance. I found Byron had not taken a poetical license when he called them “grass-grown.”

The comparatively ordinary monument to Ariosto, in the promenade; was the only object of interest

which we had the time to seek. The succeeding day we crossed the Po, an apparently sluggish stream, environed by an exceedingly flat country. After a weary examination of our luggage, at this commencement of the Austrian dominions, we continued our route through such a quiet and dead plain, that the sight of Monte Silece, and its three adjacent elevations, was quite refreshing to the eye. At a village at the foot of this mountain we passed the night, and every previous hour of light was delightfully spent in viewing the seemingly interminable plains from various points of the hill.

As I stood upon the old terrace in front of a rough grotto (containing full length figures of St. Frances, the Madonna and Saviour), looking forth upon the almost boundless prospect, and then wandered among the ruins of a castle, upon the hill's summit—observed the old towering broken palace, with no living object about it but the figure of a withered crone, knitting at the door; I thought I had never seen a spot so in unison with the legends of the middle ages, which romance has hallowed and adorned. As we returned, the numerous cypresses attracted our attention. We entered a little church, where was a knot of village girls, with their white mantillas and black eyes, engaged in their devotions. Upon emerging we noted a youth, whose dress and manners seemed too studied for accident, in such a spot; we were not long in surmising his intentions, for

among the maidens, came forth one singularly beautiful; her head was tastefully adorned with flowers, and her air somewhat sprightly and confident. I doubted not she was the beauty of the village; and as the young man smilingly glided along by her side, and at the turn leading to the town, darted into a narrow by-path, I read a tale of love, of love in its spring-time, and sighed as I thought what might be its harvest. The next morning we arrived in Padua, and the busy and cheerful aspect of the place, it being fair-day, at once interested and pleased me. Two or three hours were satisfactorily passed in viewing the churches:—that of St. Antonio (the patron saint of Padua) is a grand structure, and the Scuola adjacent interesting. I admired the free, clean aspect, and sculpture ornaments of St. Justin, but lingered longest in the court and corridors of the old university, where were assembled a finer collection of young men than I had before seen in Italy, awaiting the lecture hour. I entered one of the high, dark chambers, where a professor, in his black and ermine bound robe, was questioning a large number of students in the subject of his prior discourse on jurisprudence. There was something which brought home forcibly to my mind, in the liberal, studious, christian aspect of this institution, and indeed of the whole city.

After dining at the *Acquila d'Ora*, three hours' riding brought us to the shore, whence we embarked

in a gondola. The ocean queen lay before us, stretching her line of building tranquilly upon the still waters. In an hour we were in the main canal. I looked up to the antiquated and decayed buildings, the time-worn, yet rich architecture of the palaces; I felt the deep silence, the eloquent decay, and long before the gondola touched the steps of the hotel, I realized that I was in Venice.

THE AMATEUR.

"There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of fame
—The meanest stone is not without a name."

x As the chief intellectual influence of Italy is that of the fine arts, one of their prominent intellectual results is to render us amateurs. Observation is engrossed with forms and sounds; the eye and ear evince a hitherto inexperienced capacity for enjoyment. The music—the universal, metaphysical music of the land—invites to the cultivation of the hearing powers, and the ever-present forms of art lead to a practised attention of the visual organs; so that we find ourselves insensibly drawn from the study of social circumstances, to that of influences far more abstract, but from their intimate connexion with humanity, with genius, taste and feeling, not less rich in overpowering interest. It is indeed remarkable under how many different aspects the

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studious observation of the productions of art ministers to mental gratification. They may be regarded with the eye of an artist, solely as illustrative of the various schools, or as embodying the true principles of his profession; or, by the student of human nature, as affording a beautiful exposition of the several epochs in the history of the development of mind; while the tasteful votary of letters delights in comparing their distinctive characteristics with those of the master-spirits of our race, whose thoughts are embodied in literature. The bold and sublime efforts of M. Angelo, the beautiful expressiveness of Raphael, the mellow and rich pencillings of Claude, the wild genius of Salvator, and the highly finished style of Leonardo, present to him striking and interesting analogies with what is familiar in the sister art of writing. It has been well observed, that the bases of these arts touch each other.

The genuine amateur, won by the attractions, and attached by a spontaneous and intelligent sympathy with the delicate dependencies and distinctions which enter into the composition of external symmetry, beauty and grandeur, gives himself to the study and enjoyment of the abstract and embodied principles of art. In such an one, the first emotions of simple pleasure have expanded into profound and inspiring interest, and the lights of acquired knowledge and improving judgment have redoubled the primitive sentiment of pleasure, de-

rived from these sources. Versed in the laws, according to which all physical grace and beauty exist, accustomed to find pleasure in every object which developes these, and ever quick to detect them wherever existent, the world is to him full of enjoyment. Art's most glorious products are as cherished friends, ever awakening satisfaction, and affording consolation; blest with innumerable visions of beauty, garnered from imagination's pencillings, under nature's tuition, and glowing with a deliberate enthusiasm, which has become an instinctive principle, himself is his greatest resource. Nor are such enjoyments without a favourable moral, as well as intellectual benefit. The student and admirer of the noblest human productions, who has become such from native sentiment and discriminating taste, is allied to his race by a new and interesting bond; he may be said, with peculiar truth, to love in humanity, what is truly worthy of devoted affection—her capacity of exalted effort. And however vague and ill-sustained such a feeling may be abstractly, no regard can be more intelligent and vivid, when cherished through the medium of mind's most hallowed fruits. These give life to and sustain, in the devoted mind, a free and grateful respect, the legitimate spring of genuine philanthropy.

The true amateur, then, least of all men, deserves the charge of unworthy selfishness; few obtain their ends with less expense to their fellow beings, or in the process of self-gratification diffuse happier influ-

ences. Perception and taste, in some form or other, are universal, and if uncorrupted, whatever be their peculiarities, co-exist with a high and pure moral sense.

Every magnanimous spirit is rendered happy by the just appreciation of the results of mind, whatever be their character or origin. A mere general sentiment of approbation or censure in relation to remarkable works of human art, is unworthy a good understanding; and while we rejoice in liberal judgments on such subjects, discriminating views are alone satisfactory. Hence the acknowledged moral beauty of just criticism; it is the only true praise, the only improving censure. Happy, therefore, is it, that there are men so constituted as to find much of their happiness in the noble duties of a genuine amateur; men who rejoice in the deliberate indulgence of their intellectual tastes more than in devoting them, with a fatal exclusiveness, to the purposes of ambition; who become, as it were, the high priests of art, and in their studious and sincere devotion, waft the most acceptable incense to the spirit of genius.

A GLIMPSE AT BASIL HALL.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act."

At the palace of the prince Borghese in Rome, several young English and American artists were engaged in copying the renowned productions of the old masters. Portray to yourself, kind reader, two large halls, the walls of which are lined with paintings, and intercommunicating by a side-door, now thrown open for the benefit of the parties. In the first of these apartments are erected three easels—before which, in the attitude of painters, stand—first, a Virginian, intent upon the exquisite Magdalen of Correggio,—opposite, the native of a country-town of Great Britain, transferring, as nearly as possible, the Prodigal Son, of the great Venetian,—while, within a few feet of the former, a Londoner is travelling for the inspiration of Titian, by contemplating his 'Sacred and Profane Loves.' The artists may thus be said to occupy, relatively, the three points of an isosceles-triangle. Gaze now, through the above-mentioned passage, and behold,

at the extremity of the second and lesser hall, the figure of a Baltimorean—fancying, perchance, the surprise of the natives when they see *his* copy of the inimitable Cupid beside him.

These worthy followers of the rainbow art were wont to amuse themselves, and beguile the time, with conversations upon the merits and manners of their respective countries; and occasionally, by a very natural process, such amicable debates would assume not a little of the earnest spirit of controversy. Then would the brush fall less frequently upon the canvass, the eye linger less devotedly upon the great originals around, and, ever and anon, the disputants would step a pace or two from the object of their labours, raise aloft their pencils—as if, like the styles of the ancients, they subserved equally the purposes of art and of warfare, or wave their mottled pallets as shields against the arrows of argument. A full history of these discussions—hallowed by the scene of the combat, diversified by the characters of the combatants, and dignified by the nature of the points contested—would doubtless be a valuable accession to our literature. The great topics of national policy, domestic manners, republicanism, aristocracy, slavery, corn laws, &c., as unfolded in the elegant and discerning disputations of the absentees in a Roman palace, would prove something new, vivid, and seasonable. But to me falls the humbler task of narrating one scene of the drama, as illustrative of the wisdom and safety of the advice of Polonius.

On a day when the war of words had run unusually high, there was a momentary, and, as it were, a spontaneous quietude. After the manner of their predecessors in the same city, years by-gone, the gladiators rested upon their arms. There was an interlude of silence. They gradually reassumed the appropriate occupations of the hour; and a few unusually fine touches were bestowed upon the slowly-progressing copies, when the aspiring portrayer of the beautiful parable thus opened a new cannonade:

‘ Well, smooth over, as you may, the blot of slavery, and deny or palliate, as you best can, the charge of non-refinement, the world will never admit the existence of true civilization in a country where so barbaric a practice as *gouging* prevails.’

At the commencement of this speech, the pencil of the Virginian had stopped transfixed within an inch of the pensive countenance on his canvass; and with nerves braced in expectancy, he awaited the issue. And when the orator, like a second Brutus, paused for a reply, his adversary was mute—perhaps from indignation, probably in the absorption consequent upon preparing to refute and chastise. The Londoner wheeled around, and, with a nod of congratulation to his brother-islander, and a provoking and triumphant smile upon the Virginian, begged to be informed ‘ of the origin and nature of the *American* custom of gouging?’ When, lo! there were heard quick steps along the polished floors, and as the eyes of the artists followed their direction, the

form of the Baltimorean emerged from the adjoining hall. His painter's stick, pallet, and brush, were grasped convulsively in his left hand, as with energetic strides he reached the centre of the arena, and gazed meaningly upon the disputants.

‘You would know, sir,’ he exclaimed, eyeing fiercely the hero of the British capital, ‘what is gouging? Go, sir, to Basil Hall—your literary countryman; when ascending the Mississippi, *he* was put on shore by the captain of a steamboat for ungentlemanly deportment—and on the banks of that river, sir, *he was gouged!*’ As the last emphatic words exploded, a gentleman, who had been viewing the paintings, abruptly left the room. The Londoner looked wonders, his compatriot tittered, the Cupid-limner wiped his brow. ‘Who was that?’ inquired the Virginian. ‘That, sir, was Captain Hall!’

THE OPERA.

"Can it be said, that there is such an art as that of music for those who cannot feel enthusiasm? Habit may render harmonious sounds, as it were, a necessary gratification to them, and they enjoy them as they admire the flavour of fruits or the ornament of colours; but has their whole being vibrated and trembled responsively, like a lyre, if, at any time, the midnight silence has been broken by the song, or by any of those instruments which resemble the human voice? Have they in that moment felt the mystery of their existence, in that softening emotion which re-unites our separate natures, and blends in the same enjoyment the senses and the soul?"

WERE it only that the opera, like every national entertainment, is typical of the general taste, and in Italy affords the most free arena for talent, to an observant traveller it must be highly important; but it is by the strong constraint of earnest sympathy that I dwell upon its character and influences. In point of excellence, simply as a popular diversion, it is unrivalled; and the chief, if not the only exception, which can be made to its detriment, springs from the deficiencies, not of the amusement, but of those to whose good it is designed to minister. For the want alike of that physical organization upon which the pleasure derivable from music depends,

or of the sentiment and feeling, according to which that pleasure is bounded, must equally be denominated deficiencies, since they bar a species of gratification as refined as it is rich and absorbing.

But it were indeed unjust to truth and human nature, to regard the opera, in its genuineness, solely as one of those means which the selfish ingenuity of man has contrived for occupying or even solacing the intervals of active existence. Its origin and legitimate intent are far higher and better; and although many may avail themselves of it for purposes of convenience, or at the suggestion of that restless craving for fashionable baubles, which is the besetting sin of the thoughtless, there are, and must ever be, better spirits to whom justice will refer its claims.

As a subject merely of speculation, the opera might be deemed an unphilosophical representation of humanity. As her master passions are ever developed at once and fervently, the idea of exhibiting them through the regular and measured medium of song, would seem essentially unnatural. Yet, as it is impossible in the drama to render the illusion complete; as in the most perfect efforts of the dramatist, and the actor, the *unreal* is palpably evident; in adopting a more deliberate and pre-determined form of expression, nothing of imitative excellence is lost, while, in general effect, much is gained. In the opera, art and nature unite in their highest excellence. There is all the power of stage effect, the

language of gesture and expression, the conventional paraphernalia of the theatre, with the superadded power of the most expressive melody—that of the human voice exerted to the highest point of its natural capacity, and cultivated by the intervention of one of the most scientific and arduous of studies, to a degree almost incredible.

If speech is the readiest means of moral expression, and what has been termed the natural language the most unstudied and apposite, music, the breathing forth of the spirit in song, is the most spiritual, and therefore, more beautifully and delicately typical of the varying emotions which inspire it. To this form of expression we turn not, indeed, in the most passionate moments of experience, but when to these the calmer mood has succeeded, when love begins to assume the settled and deep character of a passion, when the shock of grief has given way to its calm sadness, and kindling hope slowly lessens the early heaviness of disappointment; when the quiverings of indecision have become composed into clear fixedness of purpose, and the sense of overwhelming joy is fast losing itself in the deep peace of conscious happiness;—in such ultimate stages of the passions, when their restless elements have become, in a measure, tranquillized, and their language more deliberate, then is it wont to pour itself forth in measured, but moving song. And if, in the opera, the limits of this natural order are occasionally exceeded, what is it but an exercise of

that poetical license, upon which even philosophy must contentedly smile?

X The opera is the grand result of a general and discriminating passion for music. Without such a proximate cause its existence is truly impossible. It is this which gives rise to and sustains, not only the institution, but that remarkable and scarcely appreciated talent, which is its vital principle. It has ever been more or less the custom, even in the most civilized communities, to regard those individuals, whose lives are devoted, and whose present happiness is involved, in thus ministering to the general pleasure, with any sentiment rather than that of grateful respect; the evidence of this is to be found in the actual moral rank assigned to such a profession, and its cause is too often, doubtless, attributable to want of character in the members, and to that proverbial capriciousness which society ever evinces in relation to those professedly devoted to its diversion. The actual sympathy and respectful consideration cherished and manifested by the Italians for their favourite entertainment, and its worthy children, is most interestingly obvious to a stranger. It is, too, delightful to observe the conduct, the effect, all the phenomena of an Italian opera. Evening after evening we behold the same countenances intently studious of the performance, the same votaries luxuriating in melody, criticising intonations—Epicureans at the banquet of Euterpe. So well regulated is the police, and so genuine and

universal the taste for music, that order, attention and quiet are effectually secured. The audience, indeed, go thither to partake of an habitual gratification. No sound but a *brava* spoken, as by one deep voice, during a momentary pause, or the full burst of general approval, interrupts the pervading silence.

And what the general will of a people supports, equally in the way of amusement as in the graver concerns of life, must bear the impress of national character, and for this, if for no other reason, should merit respect. This is singularly true in relation to the opera. Happy is that people whose taste has induced, whose discrimination has improved, and whose characteristic interest well sustains this morally beautiful entertainment.

To define justly the surpassing charms of Italian vocal music is indeed impossible; and yet, if in so entrancing a pleasure as that derivable from this source, self-analysis be practicable, perhaps it will be discovered that in this, above most other species of melody, all the faculties are gratified. The ingenious combinations and intricate art delight the mental perceptions, its unanticipated variations and undiscernible power and facility of development captivate the imagination, while passion is excited by the imperceptible encroachments of its enchanting harmony over the empire of the heart. There is indeed a kind of universality in this singular, this unequalled vocalism. The heart often beats with

eager enthusiasm, when the notes of martial music swell upon the air, an elevating sense of grandeur is awakened by the deep tones of a sacred choir, and a national air or household stave, by the force of association, will electrify the auditor. Yet something of all these effects, and something beyond and above all of them, can faithful introspection detect in the bosom agitated, soothed, inspired by the higher efforts of an Italian professor.

To the susceptible *student* of its influences, the opera, in its perfection, is a poetical representation of the deep things of life; of those passions which operate most powerfully and universally in the human heart, of that mysterious and intricate connexion between motive and action, sentiment and thought, imagination and truth, which, in its development, constitutes the living poetry of our being. Such an one understands the mental experience of Alfieri, who says that the plots of some of his best tragedies were conceived while listening to the grand opera. And what medium like music—music with all its depth and pathos, all its subtlety and infinity of expression, all its spiritual magnetism, for portraying to the heart its own indescribable capacity of feeling? And what an order of talent is that, which can successfully wield the power of expression requisite for a genuine opera-performer!

The votary of imaginative and intellectual happiness finds in this pleasure a satisfaction similar in kind, though much more exalted, to that which the

lover of physical science discovers in analyzing and combining the elements of matter. There is the same eager delight, which springs from the vivid knowledge acquired only by searching and successful experiment; but it is experiment upon self, not that which develops the anatomical relations of the body, but that which lays open, by a beautiful process of excitation, the delicate machinery of the inner and unseen being; it is the yielding up of one's native sentiment to the heavenly sway of the deepest melody, till its elements dissolve and combine in all the purest and most perfect forms of emotion. How palpable to the heart becomes its capacity of love, in all its endless modifications, and how keenly brilliant to the imagination shine its own magic energies, when both are bathed, excited, dissolved within the limitless scope of deeply undulating music!

MY HOME ABROAD.

" Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find!
For all around without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind
E'er rose to view."

How much to be commiserated is he to whom not a line of the poetry of human nature has been directly revealed; who has never been lured from the sterile pathway of isolated pursuit, by a flower that smiled up to him, or a murmur that fell soothingly upon his ear; whose mind has never been charmed into blessed self-forgetfulness, by the consoling activity of native sentiment. It was but the impulse of inalienable human feeling which led Sterne to say, that if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress; and baffled, indeed, must be his spirit who has wandered to and fro in a peopled world, and found no child of humanity whose companionship and affection could recall the simple joyousness of early and unsophisticated being. How much does the pleasure of a sojourner in the fairest lands depend upon

the position whence he gazes forth upon their domain, upon the immediate social influences by which he is surrounded, upon his *home abroad*! How different will be the aspect of external nature and the impressions of social or moral phenomena, to the wanderer who looks forth from his own solitary consciousness, and to him who views them through the loop-holes of a domestic retreat! This is not a merely speculative suggestion, as I propose to illustrate, if the reader will but pass, in fancy, to the favourite city of Italy, once the scene, and at present the witness of Lorenzo de Medici's authority and enterprise.

The high and dark buildings which line the narrow and flag-paved street, running from the Piazza di Colonna to the Mercato Nuovo, render its general aspect peculiarly sombre; yet at the season when the fiery solar influence is at its height, it is truly refreshing to turn from the dazzling heat of the open squares into these shady by-streets, so characteristic of the cities of southern Europe. The second range of apartments of one of these edifices was occupied by a family whose fortunes received their downfall under the Napoleon dynasty. The comfortable and quiet seclusion adapted to their condition, succeeded a more brilliant, but perhaps less happy establishment. At the close of a winter's day spent in the delectable employment of inspecting 'lodgings for single gentlemen,' I found myself settled in one of the front rooms of this building—the domicile I had

at length decided should be my temporary abode. As I sat musingly before a cheerful wood fire, my reverie was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door; and scarcely had the *entrée* passed my lips, when it quietly opened, and the presiding goddess of that little world was before me. The countenance of Antoinetta exhibited features so beautifully regular, that even when in perfect repose, they would bear the most critical perusal. But it was when lit up by a cheering smile, playing over and enlivening their bland expression, such as they wore when she thus broke in like sun-light upon my misty day-dreaming, that the witchery of her eye and the pleasantry of her air, exerted their full power. In the sweet accents of her native tongue, she bade me good evening, adding that she had thought the Signor might feel solitary, and had brought in her muslin work to sit an hour with him. How thankfully he accepted the proposition need not be related. The converse of that evening sufficed for our mutual understanding. For, be it known to you, kind reader, that the social, like the physical atmosphere of Italy, is wonderfully insinuating; one discovers his adaptation at once. The Italians seem to know intuitively the latent points of sympathy between themselves and those with whom they come in contact; a short time serves, either to convince them that their acquaintance never can become a friend, or to make him so almost immediately. Nor is this all. Let a genuine Italian discern but the glimmerings of

congenial sentiment, and you have his confidence; and, if there be aught noble within you, the very alacrity with which you are trusted, will secure it from abuse. My fair *padrona* was betrothed to a countryman then in Britain, and her mother had resigned to her the duties of housewife, while she, Italian-like, devoted her more mature years to the exercises of religion, and to basking in the sunshine of imaginative enjoyment.

The Countess was a genuine specimen of a Tuscan lady of the old school. She still retained sufficient matronly comeliness to attest her youthful beauty, and her habits and conversation clearly evidenced the cultivation of a naturally good mind, and the urbanity of a kindly spirit; yet withal was there the strict devotion of the Catholic, and the never absent enthusiasm of the Italian. There was a dignified earnestness and grace in her manners, which almost insensibly inspired respect and interest. I could not but mark the different results of a convent education upon the mother and daughter. The faith of the former was fixed thereby, while the latter used to tell me that, until her twelfth year, having lived chiefly in a nunnery, she was truly *una angiolina*; 'but,' she added, 'when I came into the world, I saw that much of what I had been made to believe, was *una bagatella*; I saw I had been imposed upon, and so I don't think much of the whole matter.' A commentary this upon any thing like hood-winking in early education! The mother earnestly sympa-

thised with the past. Her *nobilita*, the shadowy remnant of former days, was her much-loved and constant theme. Her early and affectionate interest in me was at first unaccountable, until I learned the romantic sentiments with which the very name of American was associated in her mind. Her ideas on the subject were derived, in no small degree, from the novels of the *Seconda Valter Scott*, as she called Cooper, the translations of which she had eagerly pondered; and prejudice not a little strengthened her partiality, for she declared that the Italians were abused by the French and despised by the English. But there was yet another cause for the good lady's maternal regard:—for I was ever spoken of as *nostra Enrichino* and *bambino di casa*, epithets, as the Italian scholar is aware, of no small endearment—she had conceived the idea of making me a Catholic; and if she failed, I was learned a beautiful lesson in the art of proselyting, worthy of the pure spirit of Christianity. Methinks I see her now, that ardent votary of the church, as, her eye lighted up with fervent feeling, she poured forth, in measured and liquid accents, her eloquent appeals. Nor can I recall but one instance when zeal betrayed her into an impatient expression. A Capuchin friar drew crowds to the cathedral, for many days of the holy week, and his harangues were the subject of general eulogium. His whole appearance betokened the practical devotee of the Romish faith. His coarse robe was girded about his waist by a rope, and the cowl being thrown far back, dis-

played a countenance upon which care had traced, in withering lines, the marks of premature age; the hair fell thinly over high temples which shaded a face incessantly wearing an expression of anxious despondency. He would walk to and fro, in the marble pulpit, ever and anon prostrating himself before a crucifix, and imploring inspiration, or lean over and earnestly address his audience. To this priest the Countess would fain persuade me to repair, that I might inquire and be enlightened. She described his benignant spirit, his self-sacrificing piety, and finally his literary attainments. To evade the suggestion, I spoke of my comparatively slight acquaintance with the language, and my consequent indisposition to attempt controversy with so finished a scholar. She surveyed me intently, and, at length, half-mournfully, half-reproachfully, exclaimed, *ecco il diavolo*. But the usual tenor of her efforts was so disinterested, and marked by such delicate consideration, that I respected, spontaneously, her advocacy of the views she deemed so vitally true and important. Indeed I loved to listen to the voice of so gentle a controversialist, modulated by the true spirit of human kindness, and inspired by an unaffected interest in a stranger's welfare.

There was a delightful characteristic in these specimens of woman in Italy; taste was subordinate to sympathy. With all their love of the beautiful—the idea of suffering most immediately and permanently awakened their affections. They were never

weary of descanting upon my predecessor in the occupancy of their apartments; and I soon discovered that it was the view of his tears shed over a letter, which revealed to them the cause of his prevailing sadness, that first drew forth their kind regard. My quondam friend was one of that most curious species of the *genus homo*, found in Italy—an artist, who had nurtured a natural propensity to silent musing by three years of loitering in the sunny air of Italia. Inexplicable to them was what they called his *melanconia*, and vain my asseverations that it was merely a constitutional habit; no; children of emotion as they were, it was confidently referred to some disappointment of the affections, and all their kindly energies were bent to win my moody *amico* to hilarity. Nor were their efforts in vain. My lodgings soon became his favourite resort; and few things drew him so effectually from his abstraction as the vivacious chat of my affable hostesses.

I have ever taken a kind of Epicurean delight in the observation of my species; but *here*, it was intellectual character which had been prominently displayed; *there*, I learned many a beautiful lesson in the chapter of human sentiment and feeling. The icy partition of cautious reserve through which one is frequently obliged to mark the heart's workings in colder latitudes, is, in that genial region, dissolved by their very intensity. I could sometimes almost fancy myself gazing through the vista of years upon

a kind of primitive humanity, in beholding the responses of feeling vibrating so directly to the spell of music, the eloquence of art, or the impulse of poetic sentiment. I recognised, as never before,

“ That secret spirit of humanity,
Which 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, 'mid her plants and weeds and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survives.”

Happily, then, was I located for experimenting in a new field of my favourite study. The Countess instructed me in the enthusiasm of faith; the Contessina in the poetry of life; to the one I expressed my impressions of Italy as she is; and my reverence for her as she was; to the other I spoke of her absent betrothed, and brought votive offerings gleaned from the *bouquets* of the flower-girl. How have I seen them start, and pale as the solemn chant of the *morté*, or the toll of the *Campanile*—broke indistinctly upon the ear, amid the cheerfulness of our evening *coteries*;—how have I read the varying scenes of a drama typified in the meaning and rapid changes of their expression! Under their *espionage* did I wander through the verdant precincts of the palace garden, and gaze upon the ceremonial and the fête, and they interpreted to me the local characteristics of the place and people. And so weeks and months glided on; how swiftly! Twice, in preparation for departure, was my portmanteau taken.

from its dark corner; but it would not do. The Countess started back when she beheld it with a sorrowful exclamation, and it was consigned to its former repose. At length the spring had fairly opened, and there was no excuse for delay. And shall I attempt to describe the feelings with which I left 'my home abroad?' No, it were a vain endeavour—for it would require a full delineation, with more than a painter's fidelity, of the several elements which combined to render it a *home*; but, while all this is waived in detail, it is embalmed in an affectionate memory; yet not altogether in vain, gentle reader, will you have taken this glimpse, if it serve to brighten in your mind, severer portraiture of the Florentines of the nineteenth century.

A SICILIAN POET.

'Young, and of an age
When youth is most attractive—with a look
He won my favour.'

I HAD threaded the ever-bustling street of the Toledo, in the city of Naples, and satiated, for the time being, my passion for observation, in glancing at the motley specimens of humanity so characteristic of the over-populated cities of Europe. The splendid equipages of wealth, hard pressed by the low carts of the market venders; the gaily-accoutred exquisites of the metropolis; the coarsely clad peasant; the maimed and wo-begone mendicant; the buffoons and the soldiery; the dark-robed priest and the bewildered stranger, combine to render this a scene unequalled for the contrasts it presents, and the sounds of which it is redolent. These contrasts I had gazed upon till the eye and the heart were alike weary; these sounds I had endured till their deafening noise was insupportable; and entering the *Coronna di Ferro*, a *trattoria*, renowned for its

beef-steaks served up *a la mode Anglais*, I prepared to discuss mine, and eschew, for a while, the ceaseless confusion of the grand *strada*.

My neighbour at the table proffered a kindly word, and I turned to mark him. He was a young man of graceful mien, with the dark eloquent eye of the country, and his pale complexion and expression of thoughtful intelligence betokened an intellectual character. '*Voi siete Inglese, Signor?*' he inquired. 'No,' I replied, '*Sono Americano;*'—at the word his eye brightened, and a sentiment of romantic interest seemed to excite him. He spoke enthusiastically of Washington and Franklin, and insisted upon an adjournment to his lodgings. I found him to be a Sicilian by birth, and a poet by profession. He was very curious to learn the extent of the liberty of the press in America—and when informed, was in alternate raptures and dejection; the idea of such freedom transported him, but the thought of his own political relations soon subdued and saddened his spirit. He struck his hand despondingly upon a pile of manuscripts, the publication of which the censors had prohibited, on the ground of their liberality of sentiment. Pacing the room, and exclaiming enthusiastically at my descriptions, the poor bard seemed ready to throw himself into the first vessel which could convey him from a land so favourable to the inspiration, and inimical to the development of the divine art. I was interested

in the expedient he had adopted to gratify his restricted muse. He was deep in the study of Natural History, and was devoting himself to the poetical illustration of this subject, reserving visions of liberty for the especial subjects of his *unwritten* poetry. Upon parting, I gave him a volume of selections from Byron, as he was studying the English tongue: he pressed the *bello regalo* to his heart, and promising to write, embraced me, and we parted.

MODERN ITALY.

“———We admire thee now
As we admire the beautiful in death.
But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again.”

X THE manners and morals of Italy, like the same characteristics of other countries, are sometimes condemned, without discrimination, even by intelligent as well as virtuous men. Yet not only should the general fact, that the intercourse of travellers is usually limited to the extreme exemplars of the population of a country, be kept in view, in judging of character in Italy; let it be also borne in mind that the choicest spirits of a nation, in such a political condition, are often found only in the shades of retirement at home, or enduring voluntary exile in a foreign land. ‘Character,’ says a distinguished authoress ‘is an instinct; it is more allied with nature than the understanding; and yet circumstances alone give men the opportunity of developing it.’ And to the sojourner in Italy, who marks the unfolding of this

instinct, where it is most truly and natively developed, in that inner tabernacle of life which we call *home*, will be revealed such qualities of humanity as are rarely, if ever, known in equal freshness and beauty. The modern Italian character is far more intimately associated, in my mind, with the memory of acts and sympathies of rare urbanity and friendliness, than with the by-way specimens of imposition and mendicity, with which travellers seem to delight in interlarding their journals. He who, in estimating character, attaches due importance to what have been philosophically denominated the *affective* powers, will scarcely dwell despairingly upon the characteristics even of the present inhabitants of Italy. They are, in truth, the children of feeling. And hence we find the uneducated peasantry and artisans appreciating and relishing, often most enthusiastically, the poetry and music of their country. The modification of Petrarch's sonnets, and their becoming popular simply in an oral form, is a phenomenon explicable only on the ground of a national taste and enthusiasm. Nor have these general features ceased to be. Although 'silent rows the songless gondolier,' the stanzas of Tasso are not forgotten in Venice, nor does Ariosto cease to amuse the crowd on the Mole at Naples. If, therefore, one who mixes with the multitude, adapting himself sufficiently to their temperament and modes of expression, who goes with them to the opera and the festival, and, especially, is brought

near them in the family, fails to discover and feel a remarkable degree of the pure spirit of human brotherhood, such as shall impress his heart and win him from his prejudices, we think his experience must be singularly unfortunate.

Certain it is, indeed, that the intellectual charms, the religious graces, the native modesty, which are the glory of the American female character, are sometimes wanting; and yet, in frequent instances, one cannot but feel baffled in an attempt to point out their opposites. There is often a rich and perfect susceptibility without any great depth of sentiment; there is a spirit of affectionate kindness, but its extension is seemingly a kind of constitutional habit; there is a pride without true dignity, and an open, playful, genuine nature, which yet we are almost persuaded, but for undoubted evidence, to brand as habitual affectation. Let one imagine loveliness combined with unrestrained and unrestrainable spirit, illumined with passionate feeling, and seconded by a language whose very accents are poetic, and a manner frank, and from its intrinsic peculiarities, interesting, and he may have a faint conception of an Italian beauty. Let him portray to himself a vivid and restless imagination, over whose magic-working energies no moral control presides, and into whose brilliant images no meditative colouring enters, an intellect too active and inconstant for intense or elevated action, a heart exquisitely alive to every faint impression of sympathy and love; in a word, a

spirit ardent, unchastened by the perfect sentiment of religion, unnerved by the holy sinews of christian principle, and yet glowing, restless and energetic; and he may arrive at an inadequate but not incorrect idea of a species of female character in Italy.

General manners and morals are, indeed, proverbially too loose, not to merit the condemnation of the just observer. How far this is ascribable to the political and physical peculiarities of the country, an unprejudiced man cannot easily declare, while candour compels him to confess that these palliating causes exist. I have remarked, as a striking proof of the want of intellectual resources among the Italians, their sympathy for one who, from choice or necessity, is even temporarily solitary. And the importance which the mere conventional acts of life, and the occasional intervention of amusement, have acquired in their estimation, evinces the mournful absence of more worthy and truly valuable employments both for the time and intellect.

Let it ever be remembered, in view of the present moral and social condition of Italy, how early the 'fatal gift of beauty' provoked those predatory incursions which have so despoiled her shores, and neutralized her nationality. How often have the glittering ranks of an invading host gleamed, like a meteor of ill omen, amid the mists of that mountain barrier, which nature has interposed between her favourite land and the surrounding nations!

The history of Italy, in the middle ages, is a detail of successive contests, internal and foreign, the only result of which seems to have been the settling down of the political being of the whole country into a kind of hydra-despotism—a government shared by foreign princes, ecclesiastical rulers, the inhabitants (and their representatives) of the several states. During the long twenty years of Napoleon's domination, whether enduring the horrors of famine in besieged Genoa, sacrificing to the Moloch of war upon the plains of Lombardy, or sending the flower of her army to perish amid Russian snows, she was courting martyrdom only to secure a change of masters, or minister to the ambition of the ascendant. It is perhaps impossible for a visitor of the present day, to realize that this land has indeed been the scene of such constant, severe, and unsuccessful warfare. The peace which has been enjoyed by other countries of the globe—a peace no less fruitful of general prosperity and general intellectual growth, than void of the ever active causes of commotion—with such a tranquillity Italy seems never to have been blessed.

There are, indeed, few problems more difficult to solve satisfactorily than the prospects of this country, as regards its vital interests. The several states, if united and penetrated by a just revolutionary sentiment, would advance towards independence as rapidly and certainly as the moral circumstances of the people would permit. But this is very far from

the case, as the experience of the past and the aspect of the present most clearly indicate. There is Austria, on one side, jealous of her foothold in this devoted land, and, perhaps, of all their political sufferings, none is more galling to the Italians, than the insulting presence of Austrian soldiery, an evil which the Pope, as a measure of self-defence, is continually encouraging. Then the corroding internal divisions, which seem stronger and more baneful in proportion to the motives for union, are an awful barrier to the enfranchisement of the whole country. Such, too, is the power of the priesthood, and their influence over the women, that through them the existence of any liberal sentiment is almost immediately made known, and its extension prevented. Indeed, this mutual conspiracy, for, viewed in reference to its operation, it merits no lighter name, between the two classes of community from which, according to nature and truth, the chief purifying influence should proceed, constitutes the spring which embitters and undermines all excellence, individual and political.

X But a deeper cause, and one involving every other, is discoverable in the want of intelligence and moral sentiment among the people. In short, while the liberalizing spirit and improving influences of the age, have to some extent become diffused in Italy, while we see distinct indications of the decline of ecclesiastical power and ignorant su-

perstition, and hear of the King of Naples visiting the English and French courts to gain experience in the art of good government, we cannot but feel that Italy is not yet virtuous enough to maintain the forms or evolve the moral glory of genuine national freedom.

There are times when the American visitor is simultaneously impressed with the social and moral pre-eminence of his native land and the local attractions of this; and is thus led to think of them in comparison with each other. In such a view it is impossible to lose sight of the several causes which have combined to form the present moral atmosphere and intellectual spirit of the two countries. In Italy, ages of barbarism and warfare, gradually changing to a more refined existence, produced a brilliant period of chivalry and art, and then, amid despotic influences, acting upon a national constitution, and in a country peculiarly exposed to their worst effects, brought in the present form of society. With us the bracing air of freedom, alive with the higher impulses to action, teeming with moral motive, elevating knowledge and religious enthusiasm, naturally created a moral constitution presenting almost a complete contrast. What cause for wonder, if, destitute of a free arena, the ambition of a young Italian of the present day is merged in a frivolous passion for amusement? If, when the sublime motive of a national spirit is wanting, men think within

the narrowest circle of human sympathies? If the women, looked upon as the victims, and not aspired to as the honours of the other sex, cease to value the virtues which are their highest, but most unappreciated ornaments?

THE LAST SOJOURN.

"And now farewell to Italy—perhaps
Forever! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
I could not leave it, were it mine to say
Farewell forever!"

MILANO! why is thy very name suggestive of so many and such affecting associations? The luxuriance and fertility amid which Napoli is reared, the mellow air of antiquity that broods over the Eternal city, Firenze's picturesque beauty, Venezia's unique aspect—these attractions are not thine. Assuredly in thy sister cities there is more to interest, more to admire, more to delight a retrospective ideality. True, at the coming on of evening, one may gaze unweariedly upon the equipages of thy nobility and the beauty of thy daughters, as they pass in dazzling succession along the Corso, and wonder not that thy modern conqueror called thee his second Paris. True, thy splendid marmoreal cathedral, with its clustering spires, its countless statuary adornments, its magnificent proportions and Gothic solemnity—true, thy cathedral is a tabernacle wherein to linger,

rejoice and *feel*; and the richly-wrought chapel beneath, with the corse of Carlo Borromeo, in its crystal coffin, is a marvellously gorgeous sepulchre, and the broad white roof above, whence the eye glances over the blue range of distant mountains and verdant plains of Lombardy, is no ordinary observatory. And then, again, one who loves to lose himself in mystic musings, may stand in the bare and deserted refectory of *Santa Maria della Grazia*, and ponder the mouldering remnant of Leonardo's genius,—tracing the fretted outlines of the forms and faces revered, that are clustered around the 'Last Supper;' and if it rejoice one to behold the very poetry of physical life radiated from inanimate matter, he may note the sinewy forms, nervous limbs, distended nostrils, and arching necks of the bronze steeds at the Simplon Gate; ay, and one may beguile an hour at the Gallery of Art, were it only in perusing the countenance of Hagar, as she turns away from her home at the bidding of Abraham, as depicted by the pencil of Guercino; or study the relics preserved in the Ambrosian Library; or sit, on a festa day, beneath the spreading chestnuts of the public gardens, surrounded by fair forms and gay costumes, while the air is rife with the inspiring instrumental harmony of the Austrian band. But is it the memory of such ministrations alone that makes the thought of thee, Milano, what it is to me? No: I revert with fondness to thy level precincts and mountain-bound environs, because there the air of Italia was last

inhaled—there her melody died away upon my ear—there was my last sojourn in Italy.

The lapse of a few hours in Milan, sufficed to indicate that something unusual was occupying and interesting the public mind. The *caffés* echoed the tones of earnest discussion; shrugs, nods, and expressive gesticulations were lavished with even more than Italian prodigality; dark eyes beamed with expectancy; the favoured votaries of amusement had something like a business air about them; the tradesmen loitered longer in by-way converse; the journals teemed with eloquent and controversial articles; pamphlets were distributed, and placards posted. You might have deemed that the period so vividly described by Manzoni when the Milanese were agitated by the factions which contended so long and warmly, years gone by, about the price of bread, had returned, but that the prevailing language of the present popular feeling was that of pleasure—of enthusiasm, rather than passion—of common anticipation, rather than discordant interests. An American might have augured, from the signs of the time, that a strongly contested election was proceeding; and a Parisian would probably have discerned the incipient elements of a revolution; but the cause of the excitement was such as could produce similar visible effects no where but in Italy; and no one but an Italian, or a familiar denizen of the land, could perfectly appreciate the phenomena. The title-page of one of the newly issued publica-

tions reveals the ostensible circumstance which is at the bottom of the social agitation; '*La Malibran à Milano*'—yes, the renowned Malibran had been unexpectedly engaged to give three representations of an opera, in which Pasta—the beloved of the Milanese, had been performing with what they deemed inimitable excellence. Long before the period designated, the boxes of the Scala were secured; and many an ardent sojourner, and unprovided native, anxiously awaited the period when the other parts of the house would be thrown open for general and indiscriminate appropriation.

When at length the eventful evening arrived, the descending chandelier revealed an impatient multitude that, five hours previous, had taken possession of the *parterre*. Maria Louisa was a prominent occupant of the court box; and Pasta, in the intense interest of the occasion, leaned over and followed with a keen gaze, the form of her rival, till it disappeared behind the scenes. Throughout the brilliant assemblage, convened in that splendid edifice, there was alternately profound silence or resounding acclamations; and five times, at the close, did the *bravissima donina* obey the call, and come forth to receive their rapturous plaudits. It was with a melancholy emotion, almost oppressive, that I remembered, on leaving the house, at the close of the last evening, that for me this beautiful magic was to cease. I felt that harmony, such as never before blessed my ears, was to enliven me no more; that, like a sum-

breeze, it had borne its cool refreshment, it had wafted its odorous perfume, it had awakened its note upon the harp of the spirit, and had flown on to cheer some other and more distant sojourner.

Awhile before the Diligence started, I once more entered the cathedral. The noon-day sun was streaming through the stained glass of the windows, and a few priests were chanting at the altar. Seating myself beneath one of the lofty arches, and viewing again the gothic grandeur and rich tressil-work around me, I yielded to the overwhelming reveries of the hour. I could not but feel that a few days of rapid movement would take me, perhaps forever, from a land which had calmly but deeply ministered to my happiness, and gradually but surely gained upon my love. There was an earnest reluctance, a rebellion of the strong desires, a painful intermission in the cherished train of emotion, at this renouncement of objects endeared by taste and habit. But especially did my thoughts cling sadly and tenaciously around what previous ideas and native sentiment had prepared me most readily and fervently to love—humanity. I felt that if the social activity and predominance of mental endeavour which characterize my own country were wanting here, yet that I had known and experienced much of the true spirit of fraternity, much of intellectual enthusiasm and generous sentiment. I thought of the many hours of quiet and innocent enjoyment, the instances of social kindness, the offices of sympathy, and the spirit-

stirring song, which had each and all opened fountains of living joy in a young but anxious breast. I realized in this hour of parting, how near and dear the scenes and gratifications of Italy were to my heart. The moral weaknesses and errors of the land were not, indeed, absent from my mind; but, with the thought of them, came also that of their causes, their palliations, and hopes for their subjugation under auspices fitted to cherish and develope the talent and feeling worthy of human nature.

At about mid-day we departed, and were rapidly carried along the rich plains, looking greener and more fertile as we approached their termination. Towards dusk the mountains rose sublimely in the distance, and the beautiful and still surface of Lago Maggiore was brilliantly revealed in the light of a full moon; this landscape, indeed, feasted our eyes during the early part of the night's ride, and fled only when the broken slumbers obtainable in a Diligence, veiled or rendered introspective our visions. On leaving Domo d'Ossola, a scene was presented in every respect a contrast with what the preceding day's ride had displayed. Rugged mountains, snow-capt and rock-bound, now rising abruptly, and now gradually declining, here unclothed with aught umbrageous, there supporting the clinging firs, sometimes moist with dripping springs, and at others, exhibiting a dry unbroken surface of granite. The cold bleak points, hoary with snow, were ever above us, the murmuring of falling water continually au-

dible, and some new combination of crude and aspiring mountain, winding vale and chainless rock, ever and anon, attracting the eye. Attention, too, was often and irresistibly withdrawn from this chaotic scenery to the immense product of human art, of which we were so securely availing ourselves. The precipices on either side, the rough-hewn grottoes through which we passed, the ever-varying and yet ever wild and solitary aspect of all around, evidenced that we were upon the Simplon. For some time after the moon had again arisen, the foaming waters of the Rhone were seen glancing like molten silver in her beams. After leaving Martigny, the Pissevache fall was in view; its misty and graceful form, even at that early hour, crowned with rainbow hues; and beyond St. Maurice, another beautiful object appeared—a long fleecy cloud, resting, spirit-like, upon the centre brow of a lofty mountain. Ere long, the broad and blue waters of Lemman were in sight, and our course lay along its shore, by the castle of Chillon, and the villages of Vivey and Lausanne. From the succeeding dawn until our arrival at Geneva, we were riding in view of the lake, rich and flower-decked meadows, beautiful villas, and far-away, white and towering, the ‘awful and sovran Blanc’ met the eye, to kindle imaginative visions of grandeur; to transport the beholder into the beautiful valley at its base, within hearing of its water-falls, and full in view of its congregated sublimity. So magic-like did the versatile and effective

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images collect and pass upon the mind's camera, that it was not until the contrasted and magnificent insignia of Switzerland thus completely environed us, and the impressions thence derived became continuous and absorbing, that I felt that the staff of my pilgrimage was indeed reassumed, and my sojourn in Italy ended.

CONCLUSION.

"Thou fortunate region! whose greatness inured,
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust;
Twice glorified fields! if in sadness I turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just."

To many individuals, perhaps, the imaginative, the purely intellectual character of the enjoyments which attention and susceptibility may extract from the scenes and agencies of Italy, is an objection. These characteristics are, indeed, at war with the ultra-utilitarian spirit of the age. Yet there is a vastness in that source of happiness denominated the *ideal*, of which such cavillers are unaware. Notwithstanding the capacity of suffering involved in a sensibility to this moral incitement, life would be almost bereft of interest were the fountains of imaginative enjoyment sealed to mortals. We know not, nor under the present condition of being can we know, how delicately, yet universally, sentiment mingles with and marks every pleasure of existence. Its commonest incidents, its familiar routine, not less than its exalted offices, insensibly imbibe and radiate a spiritual colouring—an interest not their own, in

which consists the true secret of the delight they afford.

There are few countries better calculated to nourish and bring out the latent *ideal* of existence than this, although here, as every where, its expansion must be aided. The great intellectual tendency of the legitimate influences of Italy is, indeed, to maintain the supremacy of taste, and to quicken the action of the sentiments. In younger and more agitated communities, there is much to excite a vigilant habit of observation, and develope native intelligence; and in scenes less environed by associations of almost universal interest, through a spirit of ambition or the bustling zeal of general enterprise, the mental powers are variously and often vigorously unfolded. But in this, the absence of all occasion of immediate excitement from the agitation of any one of the great elements of society, and the comparatively narrow circle in which the machinery of commerce and government move, are circumstances which serve to exhibit in broad relief those more intimate relations, and less conventional, and therefore more interesting influences, with which human society abounds.

One is singularly uninterrupted in the endeavour to brighten into poetry the pathway of his being. He is undisturbed, nay, he is not unfrequently encouraged by the atmosphere in which he lives. Tranquillity of position—that pre-requisite to the enjoyment of a poetical temperament—clears the way, and beautiful forms in nature, glorious produc-

tions of art, a passionate social character, time-hallowed associations, a melodious language and the teeming presence of musical influences, are about him to feed the flame of that enthusiasm which idealizes, and therefore enriches human nature.

There is, surely, ground for moral satisfaction in thus scanning, under the excitement of sympathy, the present scenes and intellectual influences of Italy. We stand among her ruins, eloquent of past greatness, and instinctively gaze around for a lingering ray of existing glory; we contemplate with impatient sadness, her palsied political being, and yearn to lose its memory in dwelling upon the tokens of mental prowess and imaginative expansion; and these we find in the beauty and perfection of her literature and art. There is something singularly consolatory, in thus tracing out a conservative principle from amid the insignia of decay and prostration. There is something quickening to the love of humanity, something which renews our faith in her progressive tendencies, in beholding the continuance, and feeling the power of an intellectual dominion, a heritage of mind, an empire over the heart, where the more external sway of the political sceptre has been most sadly subverted.

THE END.

WORKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY KEY & BIDDLE,

No. 23, MINOR STREET.

MIRIAM, OR THE POWER OF TRUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INFLUENCE."

This tale is professedly founded on an "anecdote, said to be a well-attested fact, of an American Jew converted to Christianity by the death of his only child, a beautiful girl, whom he had reared with no common care and affection. She embraced the Christian faith unknown to her father, until with her dying lips she confessed to him her apostacy from Judaism, giving him at the same time a Testament, with a solemn injunction to believe in Jesus of Nazareth."

This outline is ingeniously and skilfully filled up, and a tale of deep interest is produced. There are many passages of deep pathos, and the argument for Christianity adapted to the Jews, is happily sustained. We think the pleasure and instruction which the book is calculated to afford, will well repay a perusal.

—*The Presbyterian*:

The style of writing in this volume is simple and beautiful, as the story is affecting.—*Boston Traveller*.

The book has enough of fiction to enliven the fancy and gratify the curiosity of youth, who might not otherwise read it; while it conveys lessons of piety, and arguments for the man of understanding. We wish that many a lovely Jewess could be persuaded to read "Miriam."—*The Philadelphian*.

The work altogether deserves to stand high in the class of productions to which it belongs.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

When we see a book which bears the imprint of Key & Biddle, we are always sure to see a handsome one. In this case, we can give as high praise to the matter as we can to the mechanical execution.

"Influence" was one of the very best of that class of religious novels lately so prevalent in England; and its gifted young author has even improved upon herself, in this affecting and powerful story. She has taken that touching incident, well known through the medium of our tracts, of a Jewish maiden who, on her dying bed, won over her reluctant father to the religion of the Jesus he despised.

It was a subject too good to be left unimproved, and in "Miriam" has been embalmed, one of the most beautiful and delicate religious narratives we have ever read. No one whose feelings and sympathies are uncorrupted, can peruse this touching tale, without feeling a strong interest, and that sympathy which will sometimes melt them into tears. Upon the publication of *Miriam* in London, it quickly ran through three editions, and we doubt not it will attain a co-extensive popularity here, where there is more freshness of the feelings, and a more deeply imbued spirit of rational piety, to appreciate the fine tone of religious spirit which pervades it.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

AIDS TO MENTAL DEVELOPMENT, or Hints to Parents. Being a System of Mental and Moral Instruction, exemplified in Conversations between a Mother and her Children, with an Address to Mothers. By a Lady of Philadelphia.

A MANUAL ON THE SABBATH; embracing a consideration of its Perpetual Obligation, Change of Day, Utility and Duties. By John Holmes Agnew, Professor of Languages, Washington College, Washington, Pa. With an Introductory Essay, by Dr. Miller, of Princeton, N. J.

COUNSELS FROM THE AGED TO THE YOUNG. By Dr. Alexander.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A FUTURE STATE. By Thomas Dick, author of the *Christian Philosopher*, &c.

TODD'S JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. To which is added, a copious Vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scriptural Proper Names, divided into syllables, and accented for pronunciation. By Thomas Rees, LL.D., F.R.S.A. The above Dictionary will make a beautiful pocket volume, same size as *Young Man's Own Book*.

MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON. By Richard Rush, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America; from 1817 to 1825. Second edition, revised and enlarged.

PAROCHIAL LECTURES ON THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL. By Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER, or the Connection of Science and Philosophy with Religion. By Thomas Dick.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, or an Illustration of the Moral Laws of the Universe. By Thomas Dick.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY, by the Diffusion of Knowledge; or an Illustration of the advantages which would result from a general dissemination of rational and scientific information among all rank. Illustrated with engravings. By Thomas Dick, LL.D., author of *Philosophy of a Future State*, &c.

THE PIECE BOOK, comprising Choice Specimens of Poetry and Eloquence, intended to be transcribed or committed to memory.

MEMOIRS OF HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, DUCHESS OF ST. LEU AND EX-QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

This is an interesting account of a conspicuous character. She was the daughter of Josephine Beauharnais, alias, or afterwards, Josephine Bonaparte, former wife of Napoleon of France; and she became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, the ex-king of Holland. Of those who have figured at large on the great theatre of life, at one of the most memorable eras in history, many interesting anecdotes are given. We can safely recommend this work to the reading public.—*American Sentinel*.

No one of all those distinguished personages who occupied so large a space in the world's eye, from their connexion with Napoleon, presents a story of deeper interest than the amiable and accomplished subject of these memoirs. Possessing all the grace and fascination of manner, which so eminently characterized her mother, the Empress Josephine, she has a strength and cultivation of intellect; an extent and variety of knowledge; and a philosophic fortitude which the Empress never could boast. Unhappy in her marriage, she was yet a devoted wife and fond mother; and though gifted with every quality to adorn royalty, she willingly withdrew to the shades of private life, resigning the crown she had embellished without a murmur.

Many of the details of this work will be found deeply interesting, and the notes are copious and instructing. The translator has faithfully preserved the spirit of his original.—*Saturday Courier*.

BY KEY & BIDDLE.

HARPE'S HEAD, A LEGEND OF KENTUCKY.

By JAMES HALL, Esq. author of *Legends of the West, &c. &c.*

It is an able production, characteristic of the writer's eminent talents, and abounding with narratives and sketches of absorbing interest. The history of Harpe forms the ground-work of the tale, the incidents of which are developed with much skill and effect.—*Philad. Gazette*.

Harpe's Head is one of the most interesting stories with which we are acquainted.—*Daily Chronicle*.

Judge Hall is among the most popular of American writers, and in the present production, has given another proof of the felicity of his genius. It abounds with narratives and sketches of deep interest, relating to the early periods of the settlement of Kentucky.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Mr. JAMES HALL, a native of Philadelphia, and favorably known as the author of *Legends of the West*, has just published a new work, entitled "HARPE'S HEAD, A Legend of Kentucky." It is well calculated to add to his fame, and though it bears evidences of being a hasty composition, reflects great credit upon the author. It is the story of Micajah Harpe, a Kentuckian Freebooter, and the scene changes from Virginia, in the olden time, to Ohio and Kentucky. The account of a *Virginia Barbours* is so well and naturally executed, that it must become a favorite. It is here inserted as a favorable specimen of the work. Miss Pendleton is altogether lovely.—*Poulson's Daily Adv.*

With the ordinary characters which must be found in such a composition, we have one quite original being, in the person of "Hark Short, the snake-killer;" and the production, as a whole, forms one of the most engaging volumes that we have met with. To its other merits we should not omit to add that, like other writings from the same pen, it is distinguished by an unobtrusive tone of the purest moral sentiment.—*Penn. Inquirer*.

We cheerfully commend this work to the attention of our readers, assuring them that they will be amused, entertained, and instructed by its perusal—they will find Indian warfare,—savage modes of life—the difficulties and dangers experienced by the early pioneers in the "far, far west"—delineated with a master hand, in language glowing, vivid, and natural.—*National Banner*.

WACOSTA, OR THE PROPHECY;

A TALE OF THE CANADAS. 2 vols.

This work is of a deeply interesting character, and justly lays claim to be of the highest cast. We think it decidedly superior to any production of the kind which has recently emanated from the press. It abounds with thrilling scenes, and the author has displayed a power of delineation rarely surpassed.—*Daily Intelligence*.

We have read it, and unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the most deeply interesting works of fiction which has met our eye for many a month. It is a historical novel—the scenes of which are laid principally at Detroit and Mackinac—and some of the tragic events which those places witnessed in the early settlement of the country, are given with historic accuracy—particularly the massacre of Mackinac.—The author is evidently conversant with Indian stratagem and with Indian eloquence; and has presented us with specimens of both, truly characteristic of the untutored savage. We would gladly present our readers with an extract from this interesting work, did our limits permit. In lieu of an extract, however, we commend the work itself to them.—*Commercial Herald*.

The principal personage of this novel is a savage chief, and the story of his retreat, bearing off captive the daughter of the Governor, is told with thrilling effect. It is well written throughout, and abounds with interesting scenes.—*Com. Adv.*

THE YOUNG LADY'S SUNDAY BOOK;

A Practical Manual of the Christian Duties of Piety, Benevolence, and Self-government. Prepared with particular referenc

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

to the Formation of the Female Character. By the author of "The Young Man's Own Book." Philadelphia. Key & Biddle, 1833. 32mo. pp. 312.

We have read many of the selections in this little volume, and have met with nothing objectionable—Generally, the style is pure, easy, and pleasing, and the matter good, well calculated for the purpose for which the work is intended, and we cheerfully recommend it to the persons for whom it is principally designed, as profitable for instruction.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

A most attractive little volume in its appearance—and in this age of sweeping frivolity in literature, of far superior excellence in its contents. Certainly some such manual was required for the closet—when novels and light reading of every description have so ruled paramount in the drawing-room. We can give it no higher praise than to say that the extracts are of a character to accomplish all that the title-page holds out.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A collection of excellent sentiments from approved authors, and adapted particularly to the formation of the female character. The chapters are short, and embrace a great variety of subjects of religious tendency, and altogether the book is replete with instruction. It is illustrated by two pretty engravings.—*Presbyterian*.

As the public feeling now runs, the publishers of this little work have done well by their effort to keep it in a proper channel. The Young Lady's Sunday Book is altogether practical in its character, and consisting, as it does, of short pieces, takes a wide range in its subjects.

It is calculated to do good, and we should be happy to see the principles inculcated in the portions we have read become the ruling principles of all.—*Journal and Telegraph*.

Messrs. Key & Biddle have just issued a volume of the most beautiful kind, entitled *The Young Lady's Sunday Book*. It is full of pure, didactic matter, the fruits of a pious and gifted mind; and while the clearness and light of its pages commend them to the eye, the truth of the precepts finds its way to the heart. The work can be unhesitatingly praised, as worthy in all respects. The embellishments are finished and tasteful. "*Meditation*," the frontispiece, from the *burin* of *Ellis*, would add a grace to any annual. We trust Messrs. Key & Biddle receive a liberal patronage from the religious community, for we know of no booksellers in this country who issue more good volumes calculated to subserve the immortal interests of man.—*Philad. Gaz.*

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES,

Comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North America, and the West Indies, with Notes on Negro Slavery and Canadian Emigration. By Capt. J. E. Alexander, 42d Royal Highlanders, F. R. G. S. M. R. A. S. &c. author of *Travels in Ava, Persia, &c.*

We are happy to have the opportunity afforded us of noticing such a book of travels as that called *Transatlantic Sketches*.—*American Sentinel*.

One of the most interesting and instructive works that has appeared for some time, has just been issued from the press of Key & Biddle, entitled *Transatlantic Sketches*.—*Penn. Inquirer*.

We wish we had room to speak of this volume according to our high opinion of its merit, and to make the reader acquainted with the style and spirit of the writer, by presenting some extracts. Captain Alexander, as a narrator of what he sees and hears, has hit our taste exactly. We do not feel like a reader, but a fellow-traveller—not in company with a dull, prosing fellow, but with a gentleman of life and spirit, of wit and learning. Upon the whole, we commend the book to the public, as one of the very best of the numerous recent publications of travels that have been sent forth.—*Com. Herald*.

THE RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR;

A Christmas, New-Year's, and Birth-Day Present for 1834. Edited by G. T. Bedell, D.D., illustrated with eight splendid steel engravings.

BY KEY & BIDDLE.

A volume, too, which does not degrade or disgrace the subject—a volume destined, not to pass away with the winter-greens that adorn our Christmas parlors, but to maintain a lasting hold on the attention of the Christian community, at least so long as good taste and good sense shall have any vote in the selection of books. We have read the volume carefully, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of unusual interest as well as solid merit.—*U. S. Gazette*.

Messrs. Key & Biddle have made a valuable present to religious parents, guardians, and friends, in this elegant little volume. Why should all our gifts on these occasions be worldly, or worse? And why should religious truth always shun the aids of beautiful ornament? The embellishments are attractive, well selected, and well executed. The various papers which compose the volume are serious, tasteful, alluring, imbued with the spirit of the gospel, in a word, such as we should have expected from one so zealous for the cause of Christ, and so inventive of happy thoughts as the Rev. Editor. This annual may be safely recommended to the Christian public.—*The Presbyterian*.

To all, therefore, who desire intellectual improvement, and, at the same time, the gratification of a true taste—and to all who would make a really valuable present to their friends, we would say, in conclusion, go and procure the *Religious Souvenir*. It is not merely a brilliant little ornament for the parlor centre-table, but a book worthy of a place in every sensible man's library.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

The typography, embellishments, and general appearance of the work, render it fully equal in these respects to any of the kind published in our country, while its subjects are far more suitable for the contemplation of Christians, than the light reading with which most of them are filled.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

The articles are not only interesting, but calculated to produce a beneficial effect upon the minds of those who read it, therefore, a very proper work for the purpose for which it is designed, and hope it may meet with an extensive sale.—*Baltimore Republican*.

In the general character of those fashionable, and as to appearance, attractive volumes, the annuals, there is so much that is trashy and unprofitable, that it was with no little misgiving we looked into the pages of one which is now before us, entitled "The Religious Souvenir." The matter is altogether of a religious and moral tendency, not chargeable with sectarian bias, and such as the most scrupulous need not hesitate to admit into family reading.—*The Friend*.

This little work is intended to furnish what was heretofore wanted—a Christmas and New-Year's offering, which may be bestowed and accepted by the most scrupulous.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

We are happy to announce the tasteful appearance and valuable matter of the Religious Souvenir for 1834. Dr. Bedell is as much distinguished for his belles-lettres attainment, as for the profoundness of his scholarship and the purity of his motives. He has found himself at home in this tasteful enterprise, and in good company with the associated talent of the contributors to his beautiful pages.—*N. Y. Weekly Messenger*.

Messrs. Key & Biddle have published a handsome little volume, entitled Religious Souvenir, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Bedell. It is embellished with beautiful engravings, and printed with elegance. The literary contents are very good, soundly pious, and free of all invidious remark or allusion. True Christianity is that which purifies the heart, liberalizes the feelings, and amends the conduct.—*National Gazette*.

We are free to confess our admiration of this lovely volume. It is decidedly the gem of the year. Not only unquestionably superior in elegance and execution to all others of its class published in this country, but worthy in the fine and careful finish of the admirable engravings, to rank along with the best of those annually produced by the finished artists and abounding capital of England. We hope an unprecedented patronage will remunerate the spirited publishers for producing, at such a liberal expense, a work not less creditable to themselves than to the state of art in the country.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

We hail with pleasure the second appearance of this judicious instructive annual, with its exterior much improved, and its interior rich in lessons of piety. Its aim is hallowed—its usefulness unquestionable—and it is a gift which a nation may offer without scruple, because approved by religion.—*Charleston*

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

LETTERS TO AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER,

Designed to relieve the difficulties of a Friend, under Serious Impressions.

BY T. CARLTON HENRY, D. D.

Late Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C.

With an Introductory Essay, (in which is presented Dr. Henry's Preface to his Letters, and his Life, by a friend.) By G. T. Bedell, D. D., Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.

It is an important volume, and is an indispensable auxiliary to a proper contemplation of the most important of all subjects. The work contains a very judicious Introductory Essay, from the pen of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, in this city.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

In a revival of religion among his own people, Dr. Bedell found this work useful, and was led to seek its republication in a cheap and neat form, for the advantage of those who cannot afford to purchase costly volumes. We hope the work may prove a blessing to all who shall read it.—*The Philadelphian.*

These letters have been for many years highly valued for the practical and appropriate instruction for which they are principally designed.—*Presbyterian.*

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE, AND OTHER TALES.

By JAMES HALL, Esq. author of "Legends of the West, &c.

CONTENTS.—1. The Soldier's Bride;—2. Cousin Lucy and the Village Teacher;—3. Empty Pockets;—4. The Captain's Lady;—5. The Philadelphia Dun;—6. The Bearer of Dispatches;—7. The Village Musician;—8. Fashionable Watering-Places;—9. The Useful Man;—10. The Dentist;—11. The Bachelor's Elysium;—12. Pete Featherston;—13. The Billiard Table.

We have just risen from the perusal of the Soldier's Bride. The impression it leaves upon the mind is like that which we receive from the sight of a landscape of rural beauty and repose—or from the sound of rich and sweet melody. Every part of this delightful tale is redolent of moral and natural loveliness. The writer belongs to the same class with Irving and Paulding; and as in his descriptions, characters, and incidents, he never loses sight of the true and legitimate purpose of fiction, the elevation of the taste and moral character of his readers, he will contribute his full share to the creation of sound and healthful literature.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Key & Biddle have recently published another series of Tales—the Soldier's Bride, &c. by James Hall. The approbation everywhere elicited by Judge Hall's Legends of the West, has secured a favorable reception for the present volume; and its varied and highly spirited contents, consisting of thirteen tales, will be found no less meritorious than his previous labors.—*National Gazette.*

We have found much to admire in the perusal of this interesting work. It abounds in correct delineation of character, and although in some of his tales, the author's style is familiar, yet he has not sacrificed to levity the dignity of his pen, nor tarnished his character as a chaste and classical writer. At the present day, when the literary world is flooded with fustian and insipidity, and the public taste attempted to be vitiated by the weak and effeminate productions of those whose minds are as incapable of imagining the lofty and generous feelings they would pourtray, as their hearts are of exercising them, it is peculiarly gratifying to receive a work, from the pages of which the eye may cater with satisfaction, and the mind feast with avidity and benefit.—*Pittsburg Mercury.*

TALES OF ROMANCE, FIRST SERIES.

This is not only an uncommonly neat edition, but a very entertaining book; how could it be otherwise, when such an array of authors as the following is presented—

The work contains Ali's Bride, a tale from the Persian, by Thomas Moore, in-

BY KEY & BIDDLE.

terspersed with poetry. The Last of the Line, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, an author who sustains a reputation which every succeeding production greatly enhances. The Wire Merchant's Story, by the author of the King's Own. The Procrastinator, by T. Crofton Croker. The Spanish Beadsman. The Legend of Rose Roche, by the author of Stories of Waterloo. Barbara S——, by Charles Lamb. A Story of the Heart. The Vacant Chair, by J. M. Wilson; and the Queen of the Meadows, by Miss Mitford.

This volume has no pretensions to the inculcation of mawkish sensibility. We have read every word of it, and can confidently recommend it to our friends. —*Journal of Belles Lettres.*

ZOE, OR THE SICILIAN SAYDA.

As an historical romance, embellished with the creations of a lively imagination, and adorned with the beauties of a classic mind, this production will take a high rank, and although not so much lauded as a Cooper or an Irving, he may be assured that by a continuance of his efforts, he will secure the approbation of his countrymen, and the reward of a wide-spread fame. —*Daily Intelligencer.*

We do not call attention to this on account of any previous reputation of its author; it possesses intrinsic merit, and will obtain favor because it merits it. It is historical, and the name and circumstances are to be found in the records of those times. The plot is ably conceived, the characters are vividly, and some are fearfully drawn. —*Boston American Traveller.*

THE TESTIMONY OF NATURE AND REVELATION TO THE BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dunfermline, author of the History of the United States of America, till the termination of the War of Independence, in Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

The Rev. Mr. Fergus's Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfection, and Government of God, is an attempt to do in one volume what the Bridgewater Treatises are to do in eight. We wish one-eighth of the reward only may make its way to Dunfermline. Mr. Fergus's Treatise goes over the whole ground with fervor and ability; it is an excellent volume, and may be had for somewhere about about half the price of one Bridgewater octavo. —*London Spectator.*

A work of great research and great talent. —*Evangelical Magazine.*

A very seasonable and valuable work. Its philosophy is unimpeachable, and its theology pure and elevated. —*New Monthly Mag.*

This is an elegant and enlightened work, of a pious and highly gifted man. —*Metropolitan Magazine.*

This excellent work contains, in a brief space, all that is likely to be useful in the Bridgewater Treatises, and displays infinitely more of original thought and patient research, than the two volumes which have been recently published by the managers of his lordship's legacy. We have never seen any work in which the necessity of a revelation was more clearly demonstrated, while at the same time its due importance was assigned to natural religion.

We hope that the work will be extensively used in the education of youth; it is admirably calculated to stimulate students to scientific research, and the observation of Nature; it suggests subjects of contemplation, by which the mind must be both delighted and instructed; and, finally, it teaches the most sublime of all lessons, admiration of the power, delight in the wisdom, and gratitude for the love of our Creator. —*Athenaeum.*

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE,

Or Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony. By Charles B. Elliott, Esq.

This is one of those remarkably pleasant tours which an intelligent gentleman, who has seen much of the world, is alone calculated to write—one of those productions which engage the attention and do not fatigue it, and which we read from first to last with the agreeable sensation, that we are gathering the information of very extensive travel easily, by our own fireside. —*London Literary Gazette.*

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK.

A Manual of Politeness, Intellectual Improvement, and Moral Deportment, calculated to form the character on a solid basis, and to insure respectability and success in life.

Its contents are made up of brief and well written essays upon subjects very judiciously selected, and will prove a useful and valuable work to those who give it a careful reading, and make proper use of those hints which the author throws out.—*Boston Trav.*

We cheerfully recommend a perusal of the Young Man's Own Book to all our young friends, for we are convinced that if they read it faithfully, they will find themselves both wiser and better.—*The Young Man's Advocate.*

In the Young Man's Own Book, much sound advice upon a variety of important subjects is administered, and a large number of rules are laid down for the regulation of conduct, the practice of which cannot fail to insure respectability.—*Saturday Courier.*

JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN;

Being a Narrative of his residence at Vienna, during Congress.

The author is quite spirited in his remarks on occurrences, and his sketches of character are picturesque and amusing. We commend this volume to our readers as a very entertaining production.—*Daily Intel.*

We presume no one could take up this little volume and dip into it, without feeling regret at being obliged by any cause to put it down before it was read. The style is fine, as are the descriptions, the persons introduced, together with the anecdotes, and in general, the entire sketching is by the hand of a master. Everything appears natural—there is no affectation of learning—no overstraining—no departure from what one would expect to see and hear—all is easy—all graceful.—*Com. Herald.*

YOUNG LADY'S OWN BOOK,

A Manual of Intellectual Improvement and Moral Deportment.
By the author of the Young Man's Own Book.

Messrs. Key & Biddle, of this city, have published a very neat little volume, entitled *The Young Lady's Own Book*. Its contents are well adapted to its useful purpose.—*National Gazette.*

The Young Lady's Own Book seems to us to have been carefully prepared, to comprehend much and various instruction of a practical character, and to correspond in its contents with its title.—*Young Man's Advocate.*

The Young Lady's Own Book, embellished with beautiful engravings, should be in the hands of every young female.—*Inquirer.*

All the articles in the Young Lady's Own Book are of a useful and interesting character.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG, ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION. By John Foster, author of *Essays on Decision of Character, &c.*

We are not going to hold a rush light up to a book of John Foster's but only mean to tell what is its intent. It is an awakening appeal to youth of the refined and educated sort, upon the subject of their personal religion. There can be no doubt as to its currency.—*The Presbyterian.*

A MOTHER'S FIRST THOUGHTS. By the author of "Faith's Telescope."

This is a brief miniature, from an Edinburgh edition. Its aim is to furnish Religious Meditations, Prayers, and Devotional Poetry for pious mothers. It is most highly commended in the Edinburgh Presbyterian Review, and in the Christian Advocate. The author, who is a lady of Scotland, unites a deep knowledge of sound theology, with no ordinary talent for sacred poetry.—*Presbyterian.*

EXAMPLE; OR, FAMILY SCENES.

This is one of those useful and truly moral publications which can not fail to be read with delight by the youth of both sexes, who, as their hearts expand, and they advance in years, have need of some instructor to point out the path they should follow for their future happiness. The author has been triumphantly successful in attaining these laudable objects in this interesting publication.—*Weekly Times.*

Some of the 'Scenes' are sweetly touching, and, in our view, the author has succeeded remarkably well in presenting the sublime and yet simple truths of Evangelical Religion to the mind in a way of deep and abiding impressions.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

True religion is diffusive in its character, and when it is fairly exemplified in the life of an individual, it will excite attention, command respect, and perhaps lead to still happier results. 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,' is a command of high authority, and one which presupposes the force of example. These 'Family Scenes,' which belong to the same class with Mrs. Sherwood's writings, are intended to illustrate the influence of example. The book is pleasingly written, and is characterized by a vein of pious and evangelical sentiment.—*Presbyterian.*

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS,

Founded on the Arrangement of the Harmonia Evangelica, by the Rev. Edward Greswell. With the Practical Reflections of Dr. Doddridge. Designed for the use of Families and Schools, and for Private Edification. By the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Wolton, Herts.

A beautiful duodecimo of about four hundred pages; and one of the best books which has appeared for many years, with respect to personal and domestic edification. It is next to impossible to read the ordinary Harmonies. The current of the narrative is broken by constant interruptions. In this, we have in convenient sections, the four Gospel histories, made up into one, in proper order, in the words of the common English translation. The devotional notes of Doddridge are better than any we have seen for reading in the closet, or at family worship. The name of *Bickersteth*, prefixed to a book, is enough to show that it is written simply to serve the cause of Christ.—*The Presbyterian.*

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

A Poem, pronounced before the Franklin Society of Brown University, Sept. 3, 1833. With other Poems. By Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq.

We hope Mr. Clark may find sufficient inducements to place before the public, in a more accessible form than that in which they are now scattered through the periodicals of the day, more of the creations of his fancy, breathing as they do the fervor of moral purity, as well as chastened and beautiful poetry—we do not hesitate to say they will be most highly acceptable. The anonymous productions of his pen have long attracted the highest praise, and it is high time that he should, in his own person, reap the laurels he has so well earned, and boldly challenge a rank among the best of the American poets.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The "Spirit of Life" is a clustering of many of those beauties, which all, who admire poetry, have already seen and applauded in the different productions of Clark's gifted mind.—*U. S. Gaz.*

This poetry is of no common order. The author beautifully describes the Spirit of Life as pervading all Nature, and triumphing over the power of death.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

The "Spirit of Life" is an essay of sound morality, in the guise of smooth and easy versification. It aims by graceful numbers to better the heart; to teach it contentment here below.—*Poulson's Daily Adv.*

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

THE HAPPINESS OF THE BLESSED,

Considered as to the particulars of their state; their recognition of each other in that state; and its difference of degrees. To which are added, Musings on the Church and her Services. By Richard Mant, D. D. M. R. L. A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.

The design of the Rev. author in this production, is to adduce from scriptural authority, the most satisfactory evidence of the happiness and joy of those who by faith follow Christ, and who, in the exercise of those virtues required by the gospel, are emphatically denominated the children of God. The author has touched upon several topics connected with the subject, which must afford much consolation to the Christian, who, from the very nature of his organization, is liable to doubts and fearful forebodings as to the state of his heart and the grounds of his faith.

Christian hope, confidence, and charity, are stamped upon every page, and the writer deserves well of the Christian inquirer, for the industry which he has displayed in collecting and arranging so many important and valuable arguments in favor of the glorious and resplendent state of the faithful and humble disciple of Jesus.

In this world, mankind have need of consolation—of the cup of sorrow all must drink—happiness is a phantom, a meteor, beautiful and bright, always alluring us by its glow—forever within our reach, but eternally eluding our grasp—but this state of things was designed by our Creator for our benefit—it was intended to withdraw our affections from the shadowy and unsubstantial pleasures of the world, to the Father of all in Heaven, and to prepare, by discipline and zeal, for a state, beyond the grave, of felicity, which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of. To our readers we cheerfully commend this delightful volume, confident that by its perusal the faith of the doubtful will be confirmed, and the anticipative hope of the confident increased.—*Christian's Magazine*.

We take the earliest opportunity of introducing to our readers this excellent little book, to which the deeply interesting nature of the subject, and the well-earned reputation of the Right Rev. author will secure no inconsiderable portion of attention. The vast importance of the topics herein treated, and the valuable practical effects they may assist in producing, induce us to call thus early the public attention to a work, small indeed in size, but which is calculated not a little to inform all candid and serious inquirers into a subject hitherto involved in much obscurity, but not a little elucidated by the present author.—*Gent. Mag.*

MEMOIR OF MISS MARY JANE GRAHAM.

By the Rev. Charles Bridges, M. A. author of *Christian Ministry, &c. &c.*

We have seldom read a biographical sketch which we could more cordially or confidently recommend to the Christian reader. The highly gifted, accomplished, and spiritually-minded subject of the work has found a kindred spirit in the excellent author. He has used his valuable materials in such a manner as to render the memoir of Miss Graham not less rich in interest than full of instruction, to all who are capable of being interested in the highest mental endowments, sanctified and set apart to the service of God. There are few, either believers or unbelievers, who may not be instructed by the counsel, or benefited by the example of Miss Graham.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

In many respects it is one of the richest pieces of biography with which we are acquainted.—*Presbyterian*.

TALES OF ROMANCE, SECOND SERIES.

The Tales of Romance, which Messrs. Key & Biddle have just published, are altogether above the ordinary collections of the day. Every author included among the contributors to the volume, has acquired previously a distinct reputation in other works. Such names as Malcolm, Roscoe, and others, will be sufficient to give an idea of the merits of these Tales. The story of Fazio, from whence is derived the tragedy of that name, is well and concisely told. We shall present the best part of it soon, to the readers of the *Intelligencer*.—*Daily Intel.*

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GEOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE,

In which the unerring truth of the Inspired Narrative of the early events in the world is exhibited, and distinctly proved, by the corroborative testimony of physical facts, on every part of the earth's surface. By George Fairholme, Esq.

The work before us is admirably calculated to enlighten the mind upon the subject of Creation, and we have rarely perused a work which has added so much to our stock of ideas, or which has given so much gratification. If the limits of our paper permitted, we should take pleasure in laying before our readers an analysis of the contents of this excellent production, but as that is out of the question, we must refer them to the work itself, where we can assure them they will find an abundance of information on the important subject of Creation.—*Phil. Gaz.*

The Geology of Scripture, by George Fairholme, Esq. is an admirable work. The circulation of it should be extensive; and, judging from its intrinsic merit, such is its destiny.—*Christian Gazette.*

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Compiled from his correspondence and other authentic sources of information, containing remarks on his writings, and on the peculiarities of his interesting character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor.

Taylor's Life of Cowper has several private letters of the poet not found in other works, which serve to correct many false impressions relative to his mental aberration. It is due the cause of humanity, and of justice generally, that the truth should be received; especially when, by affecting the character of so great a man as Cowper, it in a great measure touches the whole of the human kind.—*U. S. Gaz.*

A comprehensive and perspicuous memoir of Cowper has been much wanted, and will be read with gratification by the admirers of this amiable and pious man, whose accomplishments, excellencies, and peculiarity of character, have rendered him an object of interest to the world. We are indebted to Mr. Taylor for his excellent work, and for the happy manner in which it has been accomplished.—*Boston Trav.*

Thirty years nearly have passed since we first read with great delight Hayley's Life of Cowper, and we have never cast our eyes on the volumes since, without wishing to unravel a few things in the poet's history which were then left in mystery. Taylor professes to deal openly, and remove all concealment. In one beautiful volume, he has given us the substance of all which is known concerning the most sensible and pious of all the English poets; whose writings will be regarded as the best of their kind wherever the English language shall be read. In all his numerous works, he has no line of measured jingle without sense. Can this be said of scarcely any other child of the muses? Those who have Hayley's two volumes, will be thankful for the labors of Taylor; and those who have neither, should purchase this new compilation without delay. It is a work which will be found interesting to all classes, especially to the lovers of literature and genuine piety, and to place within the reach of general readers, many of whom have neither the means nor the leisure to consult larger works, all that is really interesting respecting that singularly afflicted individual, whose productions, both poetic and prose, can never be read but with delight.—*Philadelphia.*

Messrs Key & Biddle deserve credit for placing within the reach of all, in so cheap and convenient a form, what must be salutary in every instance in its general effect. The character, pursuits, performances, and sufferings of Cowper, combine more interest than belongs to the life of any of the great English authors who spent any considerable part of their days in retirement.—*Nat. Gaz.*

A beautiful American edition, from the press of Key & Biddle, has just been published, and cannot fail to meet with a welcome reception from all who admire that best of men and most agreeable of poets. It is the most complete and valuable edition of the Life of Cowper extant, and contains a well-executed portrait.—*Poulson's Daily Ado.*

LEGENDS OF THE WEST.

By James Hall, second edition, containing the following beautiful told tales:—The Backwoodsman;—The Divining Rod;—The Seventh Son;—The Missionaries;—The Legend of Carondelet;—The Intestate;—Michael De Lancey;—The Emigrants;—The Indian Hater;—The Isle of the Yellow Sands;—The Barrackmaster's Daughter;—The Indian Wife's Lament.

We are glad to see a new edition of these well-told tales of Judge Hall has recently been published.—*Bost. Eve. Gaz.*

The deserved popularity of these tales of Judge Hall, have secured to them the publication of a second edition. His sketches are admirably drawn, and his personal familiarity with scenery and life in the West, have furnished him with incidents of peculiar interest, greatly increased by felicitous description.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The rapid sale of the first, has created a demand for a second edition of the work, whose title heads this article.

The "Legends" comprise twelve articles, one of which is poetic. The scenes of these tales are all located in the "far, far West," and the characters are taken from the aborigines and early emigrants. The difficulties and dangers which the first settlers had to undergo ere they were established in security, are depicted in glowing colors, and with a master hand.

The rude and savage warfare of the Indians, the secret ambuscade, the midnight slaughter, the conflagration of the log hut in the prairie and forest, the shrieks of consuming women and children, are presented to our minds by the author in vivid and impressive language. These tales possess much interest, as they are founded in fact, and are illustrative of the habits of the Indian, and the life of the hunter. As a writer, Judge Hall is more American than any other we possess; his scenes are American; his characters are American, and his language is American. His personages are invested with an individuality which cannot be mistaken, and his conceptions and illustrations are drawn from the great storehouse of Nature.—*Daily Intel.*

THE CHURCH OF GOD,

In a Series of Dissertations, by the Rev. Robert Wilson Evans, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The object of the writer is to show that the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Religion have been taught in the various dispensations, from the institution of the Church in the family of Adam, to the more clear and perfect exposition of its principles by the Savior and his apostles. He is thus led to deal wholly with general principles—those in which the great body of Christians agree. This frees his work from all savor of sectarianism, and the ingenuity and talent exhibited in its execution, commend it to the religious of every name. It would perhaps be well to say, that the above work is by the author of "Record of Valehead."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

**THE PROGRESSIVE EXPERIENCE OF THE HEART,
UNDER THE DISCIPLINE OF THE HOLY GHOST, FROM
REGENERATION TO MATURITY. By Mrs. Stevens.**

This is a work which may be recommended to religious readers and to serious inquirers, with great safety. It is written in an impressive style, and is evidently the production of a mind and heart thoroughly imbued with Christian knowledge and experience. The operations of the Holy Ghost upon the soul of man, are traced with a discrimination which nothing but a personal experience of his influences could have furnished. Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, is an admirable hook on this subject, but Mrs. Stevens's treatise deserves an honorable place at its side. Ministers of the Gospel should consult the spiritual welfare of their people, by recommending and promoting the circulation of such works.—*Presbyterian.*

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Aids to Mental Development, or Hints to Parents, being a System of Mental and Moral Instruction exemplified in Conversations between a Mother and her Children; with an Address to Mothers. By a Lady of Philadelphia.

To know how to interest and expand the mind of a child with the lessons of wisdom—to impart knowledge in such a manner as at once to gratify and excite a thirst for it, is an acquisition possessed by very few; but it is an acquisition indispensable to the right discharge of the duties of a parent. Many must be the hours of vacancy, or mischief, and most generally the latter, of the child whose parents have not the faculty of alluring him to knowledge and virtue, and converting the pains of affliction into pleasure; and he who contributes any thing towards aiding them to discharge the duties devolving on them, deserves the gratitude of the public. We have before us a book in this department, entitled *Aids to Mental Development, or Hints to Parents*; just from the press of Key & Biddle of this city; 12mo. 335 pp. It is in the form of a familiar conversation between a mother and her children; in a style delightfully natural, affectionate, and easy. The topics selected for discussion are those with which parents of intelligence and piety would wish to make their children familiar; and the manner in which they are discussed is happily adapted to nurture the growth of both the intellectual and the moral powers.—*Christian Gazette*.

As the subject of education is one of great importance, and is beginning to be felt as such, by many who have hitherto bestowed upon it too little consideration, we cannot doubt that this work will meet with a ready sale, and extensive circulation; and we can sincerely recommend it to the earnest and careful attention of all parents who have young children.—*Saturday Courier*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GALT, ESQ.

"I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

"A work of commanding interest; its every page is an illustration of the remark,—that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of fiction. This is decidedly the happiest effort Mr. Galt has made."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Mr. Galt's book will be read by every class of readers. It is a work full of interest and amusement, abounding in anecdotal recollections, and every where interspersed with the shrewd and searching observations for which the author has been always distinguished.—*Saturday Courier*.

To our readers we cheerfully commend the book as amusing and instructive: it is full of interesting matter, and as an autobiography will rate with the best of the day.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

It is full of striking illustrations of the remarkable character of its author; and for the mind disposed to study the individualities of our species, it contains much that will reward the investigation.—*Commercial Herald*.

It is no less entertaining and much more useful than any one of his novels.—*National Gazette*.

It is what it purports to be, "the autobiography of John Galt," and is interesting as presenting faithful illustrations of the singular character of the author—who is justly regarded as one of the best, as well as one of the most voluminous writers of the age.—*Boston Mer. Eve. Jour.*

CELEBRATED SPEECHES

Of Chatham, Burke, and Erskine; to which is added the Argument of Mr. Mackintosh in the case of Peltier. Selected by a Member of the Bar.

Much is gained in richness and energy of expression, and fertility of thought by the frequent perusal of the masterpieces of rhetoric. Historical knowledge too, is derived from them, vivified by the spirit of debate and indignant exposition of wrong. Some of the speeches in this acceptable collection relate to American affairs and character—we mean that of Burke on American Taxation, and those of Chatham which burst from his soul of fire. The selection is judicious, and the book indispensable for the library of every citizen who would be a public speaker.—*National Gazette*.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The frequent reading of such selections from such masters, cannot but prove advantageous to the young men of this country, where, more than in any other, dependence will be placed upon the power of eloquence; and it is well that good models should be furnished to those who are, or seek, thus to sway the public mind. Bring along the great truths of the argument in a captivating style, and it will soon be found that even the most uninformed will strike into the current of the address, and be carried along thereby.—*U. S. Gazette*.

Among the great men in the intellectual world, who have astonished and delighted, charmed and instructed mankind, by the splendor, power, and magnificence of their oratory, none stand higher than Chatham, Burke, Erskine and Mackintosh. The speeches contained in this volume are splendid specimens of rich, ornate, powerful, and argumentative oratory, and no one possessing in the least degree a love for intellectual grandeur, can read them without feeling his heart glow with admiration, and have his soul animated with a zeal for the liberty of all mankind.—*Penn. Inquirer*.

This volume contains some of the speeches of these great masters of English Eloquence, speeches, which, whether we refer to the momentous character of their topics, their power of thought and display of learning, or their charms of style and graces of diction, will serve as models for public speaking, and sources of instruction, political, intellectual and moral, to all future ages.—*Charleston Courier*.

AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRIT AND INFLUENCE OF THE REFORMATION. A work which obtained the prize on the following question proposed by the National Institute of France:—"What has been the influence of the Reformation by Luther, on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge?" By C. VILLERS, sometime professor of philosophy in the University of Gottingen. Translated from the French. With an Introductory Essay, by SAMUEL MILLER, D. D. Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J.

The National Institute of France proposed the following as a prize question. "What has been the influence of the Reformation, by Luther, on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge?" Among the competitors was C. Villers, Professor of Philosophy, in the University of Gottingen, and to him the prize was adjudged. Villers was not an ecclesiastic or sectarian, but a philosopher, and treats the subject in a philosophical manner. Those who are interested in tracing the causes that have given direction to the course of human events, will be richly rewarded by a perusal of this Essay.

THE CELEBRATED BLUE BOOK.

A register of all officers and agents, civil, military, and naval, in the service of the United States, with the names, force, and condition of all ships and vessels belonging to the United States, and when and where built; together with a correct list of the Presidents, Cashiers, and Directors of the United States Bank and its Branches, to which is appended the names, and compensation of all printers in any way employed by Congress, or any department or office of Government. Prepared at the Department of State, by WILLIAM A. WEAVER.

"A Senator in Congress—we believe it was Mr. Leigh of Virginia—pronounced the said Blue Book—which heretofore, by the by, has been a sealed volume to the public at large, and only accessible to members of Congress; the most significant commentary extant on the Constitution of the United States. And in one sense it is indeed so: for it exhibits the Executive, or patronage and office-dispensing power, in a light that may very well make one tremble for the independence of the other branches of the government. As a book of warning, therefore, not less than as a book in which much and various information is to be found, concerning the practical operation and agents of the government, we

commend this publication to public notice. We do not know that better service could be rendered the country than by the transmission to every county town in the Union, of some copies of this authentic Record, in order that farmers and others might see for themselves the mighty array of Officers, Agents, Postmasters, Contractors, &c. &c., which constitute the real standing army of the Executive.—*N. Y. American.*

Messrs. KEY & BIDDLE have published an edition of the Blue Book. It should be in the hands of every voter in the United States. It is a fearful account of executive patronage.—*U. S. Gazette.*

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG, by JOHN FOSTER, author of Essays on Decision of Character.

John Foster is allowed by men of all parties, political and religious, to be one of the most original and vigorous thinkers of the age. His well tried talents, his known freedom from cant and fanaticism, and the importance of the subject discussed, strongly commend this book to the attention of that interesting class to whom it is addressed. All his writings are worthy of careful and repeated perusal; but his essay on "Decision of Character" and this "Address to the Young," should be the companions of all young persons who are desirous of intellectual and moral improvement.—*Epis. Recorder.*

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

SECOND SERIES.

Containing MISANTHROPY, and THE PAINS OF PLEASING.

"The aim of the writer is evidently to instruct as well as amuse, by offering these admirable sketches as beacons to warn the young, especially of her own sex, against errors which have shipwrecked the happiness of so many."—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

"These pictures are charming, natural stories of the real living world; and of the kind which we rejoice to see the public beginning to appreciate and relish; they are delineated in simple and often beautiful language, and with a powerful moral effect."—*Tait's Magazine.*

"The object of the writer is to profit, as well as to amuse; to promote the love of virtue; to exhibit the consequences of vice; and, by a delineation of scenes and characters visible in every day life, not only to inculcate what is excellent, but to show what is practical."—*Literary Gazette.*

"This beautiful little volume can scarcely be perused without affecting and improving the head and the heart; and to young ladies particularly, would we most earnestly recommend it."—*Scots Times.*

"We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to this very interesting volume. It is written in a style which cannot fail to entertain, and insure the anxious attention of all who peruse its pages, while the moral sentiments conveyed must recommend it to those who wish to combine instruction with amusement. The work is also embellished with a most beautiful frontispiece portrait of the heroine of one of the tales, which is itself worth the price of the volume."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

THE BACHELOR RECLAIMED, OR CELIBACY VANQUISHED, from the French, by TIMOTHY FLINT.

It is a good lesson for those who are not married, and who deserve to be, for we do not hold that every bachelor deserves a wife. Things of this kind (wives we mean) are meted out by Providence with an eye to reward and punishment; and a man may stand on such neutral ground in more ways than one, that a wife for either of the above providential ends, would be entirely out of the question; but on either side of the line, there are some: and while men will sin, or must be virtuous, there will be marrying; and if a man has any regard for his character, he will look to his standing in this manner, and read this book of Mr. Flint's translation.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The main incidents are connected with the history of an inveterate bachelor—the worthy president of a Bachelor's Club—who despite of himself falls in love, against his principles, marries, and contrary to expectation is happy. This

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

great revolution in sentiment is accomplished by the power of female charms, by an exhibition of the loveliness of female character, and by the force of reason—at least such are the conclusions of the author.—*Philad. Gaz.*

It is, of course, a love story, and such an one as could only emanate from a French writer—light, entertaining, and with an excellent moral. An inveterate bachelor is reclaimed—his hatred towards the female sex is changed into admiration, and eventually he marries. This great revolution in sentiment is accomplished by the force of female charms—by an exhibition of the loveliness of the female character. The book should be read not only by bachelors, but by unmarried ladies—they may derive instruction from its pages.—*Saturday Ev. Post.*

BEAUTIES OF ROBERT HALL.

If Robert Hall wrote comparatively little, what he did write bears the impress of genius, united with piety. He was a luminary of the first order, and it is delightful to feel the influence of his beams. To those who cannot obtain his whole works, we recommend this choice selection, which certainly contains many beauties.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

The "Beauties of Robert Hall," which have just been published by Key & Bidde, contain selections from his various writing. They are beautiful specimens of chastened and pure composition, and are rich in sentiment and principle. These extracts contain much useful matter for reflection and meditation, and may be perused by the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the learned and the illiterate, with advantage. We have rarely seen in so small a space so much powerful thought as is exhibited in this little volume.—*Boston Ev. Gaz.*

SKETCHES BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Comprising six tales. The Father—Legend of Oxford—The Family Portrait—Oriana—The Intemperate, and the Patriarch.

It is the high prerogative of women to win to virtue—it is the praise of Mrs. Sigourney, that her prerogative has been exercised far beyond the domestic circle. The influences of her mind have been felt and acknowledged wherever English Literature finds a welcome. These Sketches have been sought after with avidity, by those who would profit by the most delightful means of improvement.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Mrs. Sigourney has a moral object in each of her interesting fictions, which she pursues with constant attention and effect.—*National Gazette.*

The Tales and Sketches need no recommendation as the talents of the authoress, in this branch of literature, are well and favourably known—they will be read with great interest.—*Saturday Ev. Post.*

The Sketches before us are worthy of the enticing form in which they appear—Mrs. Sigourney is a writer of great purity, taste and power; she seldom exaggerates incidents: is simple and unambitious in her diction; and possesses that magical influence,—which fixes the attention, even in a recital of ordinary events. Her sentiments are touching and true, because they spring from the holy source of an unhackneyed heart. They will add a virtuous strength to the heart of every reader, as well as be an ornament to the library of the owner.—*Commercial Intelligencer.*

To parents the work particularly commends itself, and has only to be known to be eagerly patronised. Young Ladies may learn a valuable lesson from the story of the "Family Portrait;" one which they will not be likely soon to forget.—*Poulson's Daily Advertiser.*

This is a beautiful volume in every respect—the style of its execution, its engraving which teaches with the force of truth, and its contents, are alike excellent. The graceful simplicity, good taste, classic imagery and devotional spirit, which distinguish Mrs. Sigourney's poetry, are happily blended and presented in living forms in the prosaic "Sketches" before us. In this department of letters, as in poetry, she will be read with interest and delight, be introduced by Christian parents to their children as an accomplished guide and teacher, and receive the well merited commendation of thousands.—*Southern Religious Telegraph.*

FRANCIS BERRIAN, OR THE MEXICAN PATRIOT, by TIMOTHY FLINT, Esq.

This is an all absorbing novel, we think Mr. FLINT's best.—*M. Y. American.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S SUNDAY BOOK:

A practical manual of the christian duties of piety, benevolence and self government; prepared with particular reference to the formation of the manly character on the basis of religious principle, by the author of the Young Man's own Book.

This is one of those useful little volumes that will find its way through the world, pleasing and doing good wherever it may go. It professes to be a 'Manual of the Christian duties of piety, benevolence, and self government, prepared with reference to the formation of a manly character on the basis of religious principle.' It disclaims all sectarian views, or the desire to make proselytes for any party; desiring but to diffuse something of the spirit and practice of Christianity among the rising generation, and to establish as widely as possible those principles of virtue and goodness which all men profess to respect.—*Penn. Inquirer*.

It is a summary of moral and religious duties, and is full of useful precepts and excellent admonitions.—*Christian Gazette*.

We have not read it entire—but the evangelical sentiments and ability evinced in parts of it which we have examined, commend it to public favour and especially to the attention of young men, to whom it may be a useful and valuable counsellor. It contains in a series of essays of moderate length, a summary of Christian duty rather than doctrine, drawn from the writings of those whose names command respect throughout the Christian world. Its design is noble—it is to establish young men in the observance of those grand principles of virtue and goodness, which the holy Scriptures enforce with the sanctions of God's authority, and which all men, the profane as well as the pious, respect.—*Southern Religious Telegraph*.

The *Young Man's Sunday Book* is a Practical Manual of the Christian duties of Piety, Benevolence, and Self-government, prepared with particular reference to the formation of the manly character on the basis of Religious Principle. It professes to be a Summary of duty, rather than of doctrine. Its articles are generally short, and have been drawn from the writings of men whose names command respect throughout the Christian world. It is admirably suited both in its character and form (being a small pocket volume of 300 pages) for a present to one just verging to manhood, whether a friend, an apprentice, or a son: and such a book as is likely to be, not only looked at, but looked into: and that, not only on Sunday, but daily; till its contents become familiar.—*Chr. Spectator*.

A book that should be possessed by every young man. It is a sequel to the Young Man's Own Book.—*Saturday Ev. Post*.

FOLCHETTO MALASPINA, an historical Romance of the twelfth century, by the author of "Libilla Odaletta," and translated from the Italian by DANIEL J. DESMOND, Esq.

The story is one of deep interest, and the translator has allowed nothing thereof to escape; of the fidelity of the work we cannot speak, having no access to the original; but as a novel, whether original or translated, the work is good.—*U. S. Gazette*.

It is emphatically a fanciful and engaging work, and no one can sit down to its perusal without being chained by its magical influence, to an attention, which will be kept actively alive until the last chapter. In this there is no exaggeration,—it is a novel to make the reader feel,—to have his curiosity and sensibilities awakened,—and to produce upon the heart those striking impressions, which can only be excited by nature when portrayed by the enchanting descriptions of a master. The scenes, the characters, the dialogues, and the incidents, are so graphically sketched, and forcibly delineated, that we are compelled to admit that the production is of a more than ordinary character.

Our space will not admit of pointing out particular beauties, or interesting passages; to the work itself we must refer our readers for a rich intellectual banquet, which is only to be obtained by its perusal.

In dismissing this production, we remark that it is beautifully got up, and will form a graceful ornament to the most classical library.—*Penn. Inquirer*.

From parts which we have read, of Mr. DESMOND's translation, we have drawn a very favourable inference concerning the execution of the whole; and we know that Malaspina's pages are held in high estimation by competent European and American critics. We have noted in the Paris *Révue Encyclopédique*, a strong encomium on the works of this Italian novelist.—*National Gazette*.

TODD'S JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. To which is added a copious Vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scriptural proper names, divided into syllables, and accented for pronunciation. By Thomas Rees, L. L. D., F. R. S. A. The above Dictionary will make a beautiful pocket volume, same size of Young Man's Own Book, illustrated by a likeness of Johnson and Walker.

The editor states that "in compiling the work he has endeavoured to furnish such an epitome of Mr. Todd's enlarged and valuable edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, as would enable the generality of persons to understand the most approved American and English authors, and to write and speak the language with propriety and elegance. The most correct definitions have been given in a condensed form, and especial care has been taken to indicate the classical and fashionable pronunciation of every word." The style of printing is really very handsome; and the embellishments, consisting of an engraving of Johnson and another of Walker, enhance the value of the edition. It is neatly bound and would be an ornament to the study of any young lady or gentleman, while the traveller, on his summer tour, would find it an appropriate companion for his guide book and Stage Register.—*Boston Traveller*.

This really beautiful and useful little work should be possessed by all who wish to spell and write the English language correctly. The publishers have rendered it so attractive in its appearance as to be an ornament to the parlour centre table. It will add very little weight to the trunk of the traveller, and will often relieve him from painful embarrassment.—*U. S. Gazette*.

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